THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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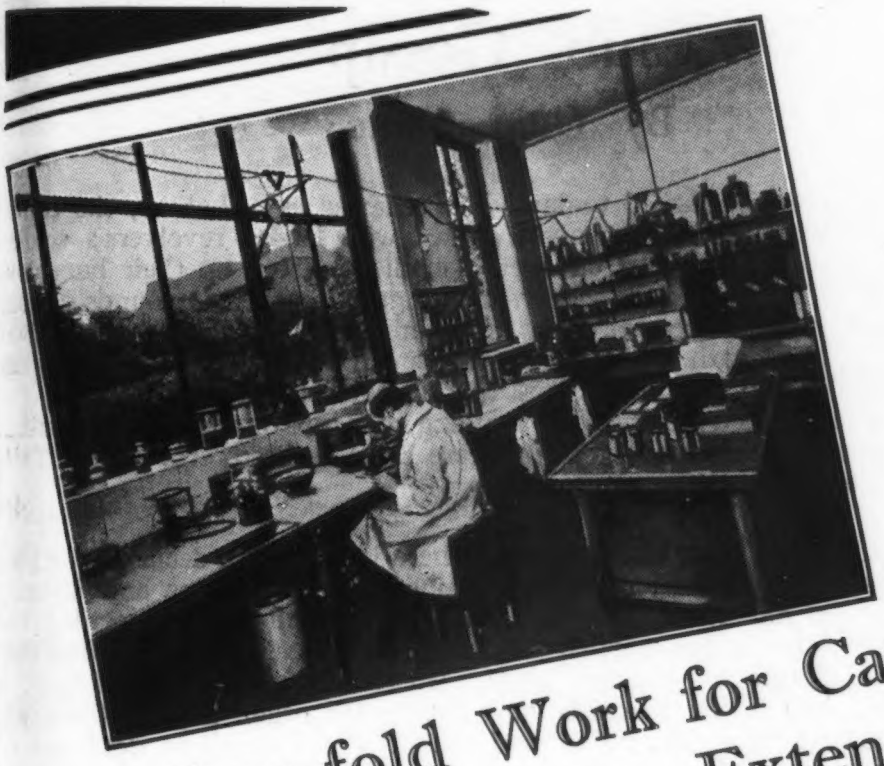

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Club Gossip

By Quid Nunc

THE unrest in India is marked to-day. In Peshawar as in Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, white men walk about armed with loaded revolvers; soldiers carry rifles and bayonets; civilians fasten up their bungalows after dark while soldiers mount guard in the compounds day and night. Over the countryside brood the evil spirits of treachery and death. There is a widespread conspiracy against the rule of the white man. No one quite knows what is going to happen or when.

Picture of Peshawar

Business is sorely tried; firms of old standing fail or are temporarily suspended; no sense of security remains; investments are being realized; the Round Table Conference 10,000 miles away means nothing.

* * * *

ON the Frontier itself there is no peace, if there is no actual declared war, but there is a constant crackling of rifles, spitting of machine-guns and booming of mountain batteries. The Afridi is still bitterly hostile. The other tribes wait to see which way the fates turn before they decide to join the rebels. Great cunning is being shown; it had to be to catch our guards the other day on the newly made roads, on which we depended, and to enable the Afridi to destroy very valuable road-making apparatus and machines. Meantime we are told that the North-West Frontier Province demands a new political organization in which the white man will lay down part of his chivalrous burden of responsibility.

Frontier Fighting

* * * *

FRANKLY, this is impossible, if the North-West Province is to be saved. Not one but a thousand men in the Clubs who know India are ready to affirm that no British officers would care to remain responsible for the safety of the Frontier, if the Government of the Province passed out of white control. As it is, there is a limit to the present tension if our right hand of justice is to be shortened. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has paid lip-service to the work of the Simon Commission; if he is honest in so doing, he must know that the Simon Commission regarded the defence of the Frontier as of such vital Empire importance that it was declared to be an Imperial problem.

Impossible to lose control

There are many soldiers who would like to see the North-West Frontier alternately guarded by units of British, Australian, Canadian, Irish Free State and South African troops. This would be a true translation of the Empire-wide responsibility that attaches to the one and only vulnerable land frontier of the Empire.

* * * *

THE idea of Indianizing the Indian Army appears scarcely practical to soldiers. I am told that Mr. J. H. Thomas, who presided over the Defence Sub-Committee, in answer to the repeated queries of Mr. Jinnah said he did not want data, and then in a fit of desperation, not being at all versed in the subject, declared, "What we want is facts." Well, here are some. None of the attempts made so far has been really successful. The percentage of Indian failures to qualify for commissions was at one time 80 per cent. and is still very high.

Indianization of the Army

Even in the "8-units" that were set apart for the experiment of Indianization, it is a fact that the Indian officers belonging to them cannot be trusted to take a telephone message accurately, let alone to deal with the many orders and

documents that come down from the higher formations of Brigade, Corps and Army. The result is that the British personnel attached to these units have to do double and treble work. The jealousies and intrigues that would arise, were the Indian Army wholly officered by Indians, defy description. And the demand for Indianization comes only from the non-martial classes, not from the classes that now supply the Army with soldiers. Political factions hope to seize the Army for their own purposes. The Babu agitation for Indianization is not nearly so disinterested and patriotic as it appears.

* * * *

BEHIND it all in India is the sinister figure of Soviet Russia. It will come out in its true colours in time, when we shall have to wake up and wage war in India on a grand scale to save the country from falling under Russian domination. After that, the chatter and talk of Conferences will be definitely out of date.

Behind the Scenes

* * * *

IT looks as if there will be as large a field for the National as there was last year, when forty-one horses competed—and only 6 finished. In 1929 9 finished out of 66; in 1928 2 out of 42; in 1927 7 out of 37; in 1926 14 out of 30; in 1925 9 out of 33; in 1924 5 out of 30; in 1923 7 out of 28; in 1922 5 out of 32; in 1921 4 out of 35; and in 1920 5 out of 24. Thus in eleven years there have been 398 runners and only 73 horses have completed the course. Yet there is no one who would care to see the fences made easier.

The Grand National

The fences vary in height and width. The first fence in the race is only 4 feet 6 inches high and 2 feet 9 inches wide, the second is 4 feet 7 inches and 3 feet 6 inches wide, and the third is a rail, ditch and fence, the fence being 4 feet 11 inches high and 3 feet wide, with a ditch on the take-off side 6 feet wide, 2 feet deep, banked up to a guard-rail 1 foot 6 inches high in front of the ditch. The fifth fence, of gorse, is 5 feet high and 3 feet 6 inches wide.

* * * *

THE famous Becher's Brook, the sixth jump in the race, called after a Captain Becher, who was an officer of the Yeomanry and always wore white gloves when riding in the National, at a time when the jockeys were mostly gentleman riders, is a thorn fence of fir 4 feet 10 inches high and 3 feet 3 inches wide with a natural brook on the far side 5 feet 6 inches wide. Captain Becher rode the winner of the first two National races. Valentine's Brook, considered by some jockeys to be the " nastiest " obstacle in the course, is a thorn fence of spruce 4 feet 10 inches high and 3 feet 3 inches wide, with a natural brook on the far side 5 feet 6 inches wide. It is the ninth jump in the race.

" Becher's " and " Valentine's "

* * * *

THE Open Ditch is the fifteenth jump in the race and the Water the sixteenth. These two jumps are only jumped once, but all the others twice. The Open Ditch is a thorn fence of spruce 5 feet 2 inches high and 3 feet 9 inches wide (the highest and widest in the race), with a ditch on the take-off side 6 feet wide and 2 feet 6 inches deep banked to a guard-rail 1 foot 6 inches high in front of the ditch. The Water Jump is 15 feet wide over all with a spruce thorn fence 2 feet 6 inches high, 2 feet 6 inches wide, and 12 feet 6 inches of water, 2 feet 6 inches deep. Yet is there any hard-riding fox-hunter who has not taken bigger jumps often, and is not the natural course at Punchestown with its double banks a far more severe test of skill to both horse and rider?

The Open Ditch and Water Jump

* * * *

I KNOW it is heresy to say so, for Aintree has a great tradition and history, and

the race is possibly the richest in sensations of all, but for the eye and panorama the Cheltenham race-course is the most ideal in the Empire, and I should not be surprised if one day the National were staged there. The three days' sport at Cheltenham, known as the National Hunt March meeting, is without peer as a jumping meeting in the Empire. Last year the prize-money was £8,074, and this year it is to be even larger. These are big figures for such a meeting.

Liverpool or Cheltenham

* * * *

FEBRUARY is the close season for shooting, but there are many sportsmen who frequent the shooting schools to try their hand on the artificial targets thrown from traps which imitate the flight of birds. It is fine practice and the new "tracer" pellet of which I wrote recently should be a great feature. It is a number of years since pigeon-matches were prevalent in this country and those who now want them go to Monte Carlo or elsewhere abroad, since public opinion in Britain is dead against them.

Pigeon-Match Shooting

* * * *

THANK goodness the liberal mind of to-day feels repugnance at the idea of confining and then liberating pigeons, which have not a 100 to 1 chance of gaining their freedom. The former rendezvous of these "sportsmen" are now merely names. Among them were the Old Huts at Ealing, and the notorious Red House at Battersea, while other resorts were at Brompton, Hornsey Wood House, the "Edinburgh Castle," Stepney aud Wade's Mill. Much of this type of sport was associated with the then landlords of well-known ale-houses, where, when pigeons were not available, sparrows were used instead. Chalk Farm and Hornsey Wood near London and other spots near Leeds, Manchester and Birmingham witnessed a wholesale destruction of birds.

Inhuman Sportsmen

* * * *

THE modern sportsman will, during this month, make war on the stoats and rats, and see that his keeper never goes out without a gun for that purpose. It is a good thing to thin out the rabbits before they breed. Only by an active war on vermin can partridges be helped with extra rations scattered round and near their dusting places, for now natural food is very scarce.

Stoats and Rats

* * * *

WHILE many sportsmen are sending their guns to the makers for alteration during this off-season, others are looking over their fishing tackle awaiting the 1st of March. There is considerable satisfaction to the ardent angler in getting ready his casts and flies and seeing that his rods are in first-class order. This reminds me of a tale of wine.

Fly-fishing Tackle

* * * *

WHEN Christchurch, Hampshire, was not nearly as large as it is to-day, I went there in quest of some perch and chub fishing. At a well-known inn I had so excellent a sole for dinner that I told the landlord it deserved a good bottle of wine. He had none, he said, except a few odd bottles of wine purchased, as it turned out, at the disposal of the effects of a well-known lady living in retirement in the neighbourhood. She had been a friend of the Tsar of Russia, for her late husband had been the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

A Good Sole

* * * *

WHEN the wine was produced (price 15s. a bottle) I realized at once what it was. It was an Imperial Cuvée Réservée, the cork stamped with the Royal Arms of

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Moet and Chandon, 1892

Russia, and it had been sent as a Christmas present to the widow of the Tsar's friend. There were only a few bottles, and since the landlord had purchased them, he had sold none of them. I bought the lot. Later, in London, I so startled a former fine judge of wine in a club in St. James's Street by my possession of such a treasure that he insisted on giving me £10 to enable him to say he had a bottle. He would not accept one as a gift.

Let me add that his signature on a cheque was one of the most remarkable and artistic that Messrs. Childs' ever saw in their long history as a bank.

* * * *

EGYPT is empty. Absent are the Americans who once frequented every winter Cairo and the bosom of the Nile. Despite the presence of the Grenadier Guards in the Kasr-el-Nil Barracks, "Shepheards" is lacking visitors.

Aegyptus Infelix

There is tension in both Cairo and Alexandria. No one appears to know what is going to happen, but the mercurial temperament of the Egyptians, used to sudden explosions, and allied to their political intriguing, promises a real row when the elections come on in the near future. Papers are suppressed only to appear again the next day under a new title. The fellaheen have no money to pay taxes and it looks as if Egyptian finance were hopelessly involved. We are sitting tight, allowing the Egyptian politicians to wallow in their own mire, while our pundits at home are waiting for them to sign a treaty. "Drift" is the order of the day and if reports are only half true, the end will be civil war and costly intervention on our part.

* * * *

I HEAR a report—time will decide its truth—that the Socialist Government propose to withdraw grants and therefore recognition from our Officers' Training Corps. This, just to keep in line with their abandonment of the Cadet Corps last year. The saving in money will be £106, 000, the loss to the country incalculable.

O.T.C.'s

Correspondence

Uniforms: What Soldiers want

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I see it announced that the British Army is to return to ceremonial uniform. My opinion as to whether this is a wise move or not is of no value, but the opinion of the man in the ranks is. Human nature does not change; therefore, I take it that what the soldiers in 1907 thought, the rank and file of to-day will think to-day. In that year, under a *nom de plume*, being precluded as a serving soldier from writing for the Press, I gave a prize of ten guineas through the *Daily Mail* for the best letter on obtaining recruits for the Army, from past and present officers who had risen from the ranks, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men. I got over nine hundred replies. Many of the reforms that were then advocated have since been brought in. The points the competitors laid the greatest stress on were as follows:—

A smarter walking-out dress for the infantry of the Line. (The other branches of the Service had a smart uniform and were getting all the men they wanted.) What they suggested was a tunic rather on the pattern of the Foot Guards, and a white web Lancer belt, instead of that then worn, which, they said, was uncomfortable. A light pair of walking-out boots instead of ammunition boots and a pill-box cap with chin strap of the pattern then worn by the Cavalry. If they were to have a full-dress headdress, they suggested the shako, as then worn by the Highland Light Infantry. The Cavalry should have the stable jacket, and also pill-box cap. The Marines wanted a red tunic, with broad yellow stripes down their trousers, for walking out, also the pill-box cap.

The second suggestion was about "bringing money." In those days a few shillings were paid to certain people who brought up recruits finally attested. They suggested that the amount was not enough. They considered that any person bringing a recruit who was satisfactory should receive from £1 to £2. They said, and I agree with them, that millions of people would do their best to obtain recruits on these terms.

At the time I wrote my letter, the Marines did get £1 for every recruit brought in and had men averaging about 5 ft. 10 ins. My letter apparently brought this fact to the notice of the authorities, as the "bringing money" for the Marines was at once reduced to a few shillings per man and the height of the recruits fell by some inches. If you ask a recruit whether he would like to wear the red jacket, he says, "No, I don't want it." Ask a young woman if she would like a sweetheart, and she replies, "Certainly not." They both tell an untruth, and the reason is shyness. A recruiting officer, a friend of mine, told me not long ago that he was in a village in Kent. He asked a woman there why her son, who was out of work, did not join the Army. She said, "What's he got to wear on Sundays?" The expense, after the initial outlay, would be very little, if anything, more, as soldiers, while wearing their walking-out kits, would be saving their khaki.

For uniform in India, they suggested that men should have a couple of white drill suits and a white helmet for ceremonial parades and walking out.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. PAGET.

A Forgotten Frontier Force

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—I feel that a reply is necessary to "A Forgotten Frontier Force," by "Mauser," in your January number. To begin with, the Frontier Force

was relieved of its special duty and permanent cantonments on the North-West Frontier in the early years of this century, when Lord Kitchener reorganized the Indian Army. The change was a great relief and cause of gratification to most of the officers and men of the Punjab Frontier Force. They were nearly all weary of living in the "back of beyond," with no compensating advantages, as the statement that the P.F. Force was in a constant state of warfare is a myth. In the whole course of its existence, from about 1849 to 1903—about fifty-four years—the amount of real fighting it had to do was negligible, as can be seen from the number of casualties (I refer you to official publications on the subject).

A Force, certainly, it was equipped with transport and ready to move out at short notice, and through living in close contact with the lawless tribes of the Frontier it had learned certain methods and tactics of dealing with them—just Light Infantry work. But these, since the Frontier War of 1897, every regiment in the Indian Army is well acquainted with, as since then all the rules and tactics have been put down in official publications, and with a very little practice on any hills can be picked up later by men of the plains—such as Sikhs—who have never seen a hill in their lives before. (About 50 per cent. of the old Punjab Frontier Force were Sikhs.)

I admit that the Afridi or a Waziri, man for man *individually* on his own ground, is more than a match for the *best regular* soldier, British or Indian. One reason is that he is always at it, skirmishing against his neighbour, as the land he lives in is under no central authority, and often village is at war with village and the vendetta flourishes there. Another very good reason is that the regular is hampered with much equipment.

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As regards the wonderful marksmanship of these Frontier men, I would point out that ammunition, especially of the modern sort, is expensive for them and difficult to procure; and for this reason alone they never expend a round without very careful aim and reflection. In the old days most of them enlisted so as to have the opportunity of learning how to shoot. Not many (as compared with the pre-war time) of these men are enlisted nowadays owing to their treachery and desertion in the Great War. With all their warlike qualities the late General Sir Charles Townshend (of Kut) reckoned them for regular warfare as not so good as the best Indian fighting classes, Sikhs, and Mahrattas, etc. The Punjab Frontier Force was certainly an efficient body—for its special duties—but it is a tall order to call it " the finest body of specialists the Empire has ever known." As a matter of fact, its Sikhs and Dogras, etc., were not the pick of the recruits of those classes, as these men, though the best soldiers in India, had no liking to be stuck all their lives away in little outposts on the inhospitable frontier. Its Pathans, on the other hand, were the best of their kind.

Until its transfer to form part of the regular Indian Army (up to about 1885) the Punjab Frontier Force was under the order of the Punjab Government, and not directly under the Commander-in-Chief in India. This force was analogous to the force still in existence in Burma, viz. the Military Police, though with more British officers and more regular training.

Yours, etc.,

ILWAN SINGH.

East India United Service Club,
St. James's Square, S.W.1.
January 6, 1931.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
FEBRUARY, 1931.

Current Comments

The Round Table Conference

DURING the orgy of speech-making in which the Indian Conference lost itself, the supreme needs of India, lucidly stated in their main aspects in this number of the REVIEW by Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob and Sir Reginald Craddock, dropped into the background. It is futile to devise fancy constitutions unless India is secure against invasions, which had always been successful before the British Raj was established. Against internal rebellion, the construction of paper constitutions is no less futile. The Indian Army, a fine British creation gradually developed to a high state of efficiency, is a delicate machine wholly depending on British leadership, which would quickly be destroyed by wholesale Indianisation. Mr. J. H. Thomas's sub-committee on defence, hopelessly unfit for its task, went even further in recommending that there should be an enquiry with a view to still greater reductions of the British forces, the keystone of the security of India, already barely adequate, and, as Sir Claud Jacob points out, needing reinforcements from home if an emergency arises. Among the Indian delegates, there must have been some who view the weakening of their only safeguard with alarm; but to say so plainly in such company would require a rare standard of moral courage. If the Conference had not been shockingly mismanaged, there would have been experts to recall the realities of India with force and authority. Already paralysis in government has permitted an ominous situation to develop, and the inchoate Reports, chiefly remarkable for criticisms, reservations and negations, will add fuel to the flames.

Our Fools' Paradise

THE distaste of our race for the consideration of general principles has saved us on occasion from the worst excesses of revolutionary enthusiasm. The doctrinaire will always get short shrift from the English crowd, who shout abuse

at the capitalist or the foreigner or the communist, but, when faced with their enemy in concrete shape, treat him with a tolerant and sceptical good humour. This amiable trait accounts for the general lack of concern over the very grave issues which have to be fought out in Parliament in the next three months. If the mass of the people seriously regarded the Trades Disputes Bill as a bill to legalize and facilitate a general strike—which is what it is—they would be angry, and would express their anger forcibly. Actually they regard the bill as an empty gesture, expressing the dissatisfaction of Labour politicians with the complacency of capitalists. No one really intends to organize a general strike, people say: those who profess to fear such a possibility are merely scaremongers.

And so it is, the same people say, with the Indian affair. These great constitutional discussions are just words. Nothing will really happen: nothing, they say, ever does really happen. And so also with our own domestic troubles. The present depression will pass in due course. To think otherwise is to lack common-sense.

The Duty of Politicians

THAT this fairly represents the attitude of the average man cannot, unfortunately, be denied. In one way we may be grateful for it. Nothing is more unnecessary than to suppose that there is even a large minority of our people who are set on economic upheaval, political revolution or the disruption of the Empire. Those who support the policies leading directly to all three ends do so without any evil intentions. This fact, however, makes it all the more difficult to arouse public opinion. One look at the present occupants of the front bench is enough to make it clear, so it is argued, that we have in office no band of fiery revolutionaries but as conservative a group of bourgeois professional politicians as ever governed in this country. The complacency of the majority has derived further support, which possibly, alas, may prove decisive, from the collapse of the American boom. Why the fact that there are five millions or more unemployed in the United States should be a proof of our own wisdom in adopting a

policy of drift is not evident to the clear-minded. It might be imagined that the forced liquidation of stocks on the other side of the Atlantic could be realized as more likely to put the last straw on the back of our exporting camel, already tottering under the load of internal taxation, continental depression and Asiatic anarchy. But, quite on the contrary, the man in the street derives immense satisfaction from the American collapse. It restores his own self-esteem just at the moment when, for the first time for a generation, it was getting seriously shaken. As the Englishman's political reactions are determined entirely by his emotions, the result of this return to complacency may be serious. To dissipate that complacency, to subject emotion to the domination of reason, is the first task of serious politicians.

The Responsibility of Conservatives

FOR the present lack of clear thinking the Conservative Party are mainly to blame. They have been content to keep Bolingbroke and Burke on the bookshelf, to borrow their philosophy from the radicals, and to confine their public activities to preventing principle to which they give their outward adherence from being put into practice. Naturally, they have failed. If their failure is to be atoned for, it can only be by a vigorous attempt at the eleventh hour to uproot from the minds of ordinary people the quite false assumptions on which modern policies are based, and which, because they are false, ensure that these policies have results invariably, if quite unintentionally, disastrous. The Electoral Reform Bill and the Indian constitutional proposals provide an instance of the necessity for examining and rebutting some of these assumptions.

The Truth about Representative Government

REPRESENTATIVE democracy is referred to invariably by politicians of all schools as the finest fruit of human wisdom, as applied to politics. "History" is quoted as teaching the lesson of a slow growth in prosperity accompanying the expansion of democratic institutions. Only the other day one of our leading statesmen quite seriously remarked that the history of the British

Empire was the history of the slow but steady development of self-governing institutions, and that the size, prosperity and influence of the Empire were firmly based on these institutions. Is this true? In sober fact, representative government contributed nothing to the Greek or Roman civilization or to the equally splendid civilizations which preceded them, nor did it play a decisive part in the society of the Middle Ages, through whose institutions the ancient learning was transmitted, and in which was epitomized the Christian contribution to civilization. The whole of our art, our philosophy, our religion, most of our jurisprudence, all our architecture, and, strangely enough, nine-tenths of our social and political institutions and all our morality derive from men and societies to which representative institutions were unknown. That is at least a striking fact.

The Lie about Democracy

THE theory that the history of progress is the history of the growth of democracy is, to put it bluntly, a lie. Representative institutions are Teutonic in origin, and the earliest account of them in polite letters is in Tacitus's "Germania." The attempt to give effect to the German idea of popular government, without prejudicing the morality, the social institutions and the legal system inherited from Christianity and the Roman Empire, to combine freedom with security and peace with justice, the liberty of the individual with the strength of the community, the gratification of desire with the fulfilment of duty, has been the constant and still unsolved task of Western civilization. There is no one solution on which the modern world has mainly concentrated. "Popular" institutions have waxed and waned intermittently through many centuries in all Western European countries. Local self-government was at its zenith in England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and, if we except the events of the last seventy years, self-government at the centre was at its zenith in the first years of Cromwell's rule. Only in the United States of America, where to-day there is little personal liberty, no rule of law, and no effective popular government, have the forms of parliamentary democracy operated continuously from the

foundation of the State. In other words, even if we take our own history as the guide, it is quite untrue to derive our own material prosperity, our intellectual accomplishment and our spiritual heritage from the establishment and growth of popular government.

The Lie Explained

THE explanation of what may appear a paradox is, of course, that to understand English history and its significance we have to regard not the objective if intermittent existence of a body called " Parliament," but the nature and powers of the executive, its dependence on or independence of parliamentary criticism, and the classes and interests entitled to criticize through that constantly modified institution. On the Continent, however, the history of popular government is even easier to follow, for the more ruthless Continental logic, when it abolished the substance seldom preserved the form. In France, still the most democratic of countries, a highly centralized system of local administration inherited from the 17th century has survived the revolution, the restored monarchy and the Empire, and still continues. Even at the centre, Parliamentarianism is a late growth and still insecure and unpopular. The greatest secular achievement of modern France, the foundation of the French colonial Empire, has been carried through almost in open defiance of the elected representatives of the French people. In Spain and Italy parliamentary government has provided only the briefest of brief interludes and has passed unregretted. In Russian history it has no place at all. In Germany its history is recent and chequered, and its security already challenged. Against the decisive experience of these great peoples we can place only the record of parliamentary achievement in Holland and Sweden.

The Real Lesson of History

THE first thing that emerges from this rough survey is that even the forms of parliamentary and popular government play no decisive part in European history, and no part at all in the history of older civilizations. The next thing that emerges is that as a living and

essential element in history, these forms play a part only in English history, and that history, rich as it is in constitutional struggles, does not show or even suggest any connection at all between national well-being, security or power and the extent to which the executive was subject to popular control. Probably the worst government this country ever experienced was under the Lancastrians, when a liberal constitution bred administrative chaos. Possibly the best was under Elizabeth, in no sense a constitutional sovereign. Others might say that the parliamentary government of the mid-Victorian age was our most successful experiment, while others again would prefer the great days of the elder Pitt. *Quot homines, tot sententiae.* The thing to remember is that the form of Parliament at each of these epochs represented a substance utterly different, and that all alike were utterly different from what we call parliamentary government to-day. The modern system of government has no pedigree: it is backed by no tradition and no historical antecedents. The *form* of parliamentary government, used successively to bolster the authority of a weak monarch, to register the decrees of a strong one, to cover up with constitutional appearances the usurpation of a middle-class revolutionary oligarchy, and to provide the means for dictating to a constitutional monarchy the wishes, first, of an aristocratic oligarchy, and then of a dominant commercial plutocracy, is now for the first time being used to give a semblance of constitutional continuity to ochlocracy or the rule of numbers, a system of government never before attempted and for two thousand years universally decried.

Mass Rule in Practice

THIS system of government, in practice, is to be studied adequately only in the recent history of the United States, the Dominion of Australia and Great Britain (in France there is no female suffrage). The history of these experiments is more instructive than edifying. In the United States, universal adult suffrage has been equally fatal to liberty and law, a unique failure to avoid the peculiar defects of

absolute and democratic governments. In Australia, the same system has brought the currency to the level of that of a South American republic of last century, and threatens the competitive ability of the primary industries of a whole continent so under-populated that its inhabitants are fewer than those of London, yet unable, by reason of its political follies, to accept immigrants. In Great Britain, universal adult suffrage has succeeded in less than a generation in so mortgaging the credit of the future that every baby born from now on starts life £500 in debt. And even so, the Socialists have less than 300 seats. What price the future will have to pay for the present benefit of a Socialist Government with an absolute majority it is painful to imagine.

An Impudent Claim

Such, then, are the very different histories of the *form* and the *substance* of Anglo-Saxon parliamentary institutions. Yet it is in the name of tradition, of continuity, in deference to the lesson of history, that we are asked in our own island to modify our electoral law so that the numerical majority may be even more overwhelmingly represented than it is to-day, and so that minority opinion may be rendered even more powerless. And it is in the name of tradition, and with the suggestion that the wisdom of the experiment is endorsed by history, that parliamentary forms and something of their modern substance are being adopted by the Dominion of India. That electoral reform is badly needed we agree; that a sound constitution is a necessity for India we also agree. What we find intolerable is that the assumed necessity for paying lip-service to a theory of history and a political philosophy which lacks the slightest historical sanction or intellectual coherence has paralysed the Conservative party for a generation and warped the political sense of the whole nation. How, ask the Indian delegates, is it that you talk so loudly of the blessings of democracy at home and refuse them to us? To that there can be no answer, save one; the blessings of democracy are a myth, but we lack the courage to say so. And how, ask our electors at home, having said so often that the voice of the people

is the voice of God, can any party ever hesitate to accept the results of universal suffrage as divinely inspired?

The Need for a True Historical Sense

We make no excuse for looking back, however cursorily and crudely, into past history in these notes, because the over-riding cause of our present difficulties has been the growth in the general consciousness of a view of history which is wholly false. Many factors have contributed to this. The Reformation isolated us from our past, and the materialistic science of the last century, now discarded by scientists but still held by most of the public interested in these things, changed our views of the nature of man and provided a seemingly strong foundation for the so-called philosophy of so-called progress. But first among these influences we place the intellectual timidity of Conservative thinkers and writers and politicians. Stones may be thrown at God from all the gutters of England, but a word against parliamentary government has been regarded as a sign of wilful perversity, if not of actual *dementia*. The worship refused in the name of enlightenment to the Deity has been rendered from every public platform for a generation to Demos. And no effective voice has been raised in protest. Nor will be, so long as the supposedly educated believe that progress and democracy are synonymous terms.

The Russian Scandal

No more striking instance of the degradation of our thought can be found than in the affair of the Russian timber exports. These are maintained by forced labour under vile conditions, yet of all those voices which were raised disinterestedly against the Congo atrocities not one has been raised to-day against these far viler conditions. We say "far viler" deliberately, because these things are being done in the open by a responsible and powerful executive in full view of Europe. Yet because they are done by a revolutionary government, no voice from among the self-styled lovers of liberty is raised in protest. The reason is simple. These people are the victims of a false philosophy. They believed in the Congo atrocities because they were perpetrated by

"capitalists"; they refuse to believe in the Russian atrocities because they are not. The one basic fact which both sets of atrocities reveal is the constant force and pressure of evil in mankind, and the impotence of words to impose justice. But this fact is the one fact which our sentimentalists with their exalted morality and their so superior sensibilities will not admit. To admit it would be to make them feel a little less superior. And so for the political credit of the left wing, ruthless oppression is to go on. Such is the new morality: we prefer the old.

Mr. Keynes and Economy

We cannot agree that Mr. Keynes has rendered a public service by urging housewives to spend money freely. It is a characteristically Lloyd-Georgian piece of teaching, as the money which is to be spent so freely by the women is presumably earned by the men! In any case the advice is bad advice. Underlying it is the economic fallacy of the window-panes over again. It is perfectly obvious that the widespread reluctance to embark on new developments, whether in the form of household furniture, new office fittings, new agencies or new plant, is bad for business. But to cure the evil we must go to its cause, which is the certainty, so long as the present government remains in office, of oppressive taxation, of a shrinking export market due to high costs, of growing unemployment and of inefficient government. To embark on schemes of expenditure without regard for a future which can be perfectly clearly foreseen is not wisdom but criminal folly. A temporary revival in trade can be easily engineered by any political caucus unscrupulous enough to wish to do so. And the extent and severity of the present depression can be temporarily mitigated by wholesale personal extravagance. But the end to such childishness comes quickly and surely.

An Un-Christian Crusade

The formation of the Christian Socialist Crusade is an unpleasant reminder of the muddle-headedness of contemporary thought. There is, of course, nothing to prevent a Christian being a Socialist in the sense that the nationalization of the sources of wealth is not a

procedure contrary to any teaching of Christ, assuming the community pay for the sources of wealth and do not steal them, and provided they want them for each other and not for themselves. These two conditions are not always fulfilled among Socialists whom we have met, and anything that the Christian Socialist Crusade can do to preach Christianity among such Socialists will be supported whole-heartedly by all. Unfortunately it does not appear that this is the object of the new organization, but rather to preach Socialism to Christians. Since according to the Christian religion the end of man is the service of God, and since it is only in so far as the service of man is subordinated to the service of God that a man is distinctively and meritoriously a Christian, the object of the Christian Socialist Crusade, however harmless from a secular point of view, is not a Christian object. The Crusade, in short, is miscalled. It is not a Christian crusade for the conversion of Socialists, but a Socialist crusade for the conversion of Christians, and Christians are entitled to protest very strongly indeed against the association with this secular crusade of several high dignitaries of the State Church.

An Ominous Parallel

THE movement, apart from its misleading name, suggests several interesting historical parallels. In the French Revolutionary Assembly of 1789 were 218 clergy whose Christian sympathy with the sufferings of the poor ranged them on the side of the reformers. It did not, however, range the reformers on the side of Christianity, which was shortly abolished, its ministry persecuted and its property stolen. The recent history of Russia tells a similar tale. The plain fact is that while, in strict theory, Socialism is wholly compatible with Christianity, modern Socialists have substituted for the commandment "Take all thou hast and give it to the poor" the commandment to take all that your political opponents have and give it to your political supporters. This is excellent "Robin Hood" ethics (to quote Miss Susan Lawrence), but not the ethics of Christ. To suggest otherwise is mere blasphemy.

CURRENT COMMENTS

Marshal Joffre

NATURALLY, but not before it was due, the death of Marshal Joffre has produced a substantial revaluation of his services in the first months of the war. It may be true that it was only the insistent plea of General Galliéni which led to the orders for the offensive of September 6 being issued when they were, but two facts are certain. The first fact is that the re-grouping of the Allied Forces which enabled Galliéni's advice to be fruitful was Joffre's work. The building up of Manoury's force, which struck the first decisive blow, was wholly his. The second fact is that the history of lost battles is the history of good advice ignored. Every General and every statesman has always had, among the different advices tendered to him, the advice which later turns out to be the correct advice. It is precisely the ability to accept and recognize the correct advice at the time which is the distinctive quality of great leaders. Before the war Joffre took the wrong advice; on September 5, 1914, he took the right advice. In so doing he saved Europe from the disaster of a militarist triumph. The Battle of the Marne was one of the decisive battles of the world because, had it been lost, Germany would have won the war. As it was, the Allies lived to fight again, and, eventually, to win—under Haig and Foch.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The Hour and the Man

By "X"

[*Perusal of the two following articles can lead only to the conclusion that the dwindling ranks of the Liberal Party cannot much longer hold together. The atom will split. Academic considerations as to fiscal policy must give way to sheer necessity of raising revenue. When this becomes plain, traditional Free Traders, who, like Sir Charles Mallet, cherish also the Gladstonian tradition of economy, must make their choice between a tariff and the profligate extravagance of Mr. Lloyd George, compared with whom Mr. Snowden is a close-fisted guardian of the public purse. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. Snowden could hold the fort for a third budget against his own wild men, even if his party could weather the storms soon likely to destroy it.*

As a serious party the Liberals cannot survive a general election. They cannot join either the Socialists or the Conservatives. They will inevitably divide—some to the right, some to the left. Politics may then regain some semblance of interest and reality.—Ed., E.R.]

Is there any way of escape from the increasing difficulties which beset Great Britain and from the more complete disaster which obviously threatens? I have written "obviously," though that word perhaps begs the main question. In attempts lately to find out what is thought by the man in the street and the man in the suburban villa and even by the man in the super-flat, or some of him, I have felt almost as much oppressed as in the months before the war, on periodical returns to England from abroad, by a lack of any public realization that a disaster is impending. It is not indifference, I think, so much as sheer inability to read the signs of the times or to believe that for this England a real economic collapse is possible. There were people in 1914 who scarcely realized that we were engaged in anything more serious than the usual "sort of a war" until they found that they could not take their Continental holidays as

arranged. I am not sure that there will be any general and complete realization of the disaster which now impends as long as the man in the street can still decide which cinema he will patronize on Saturday, and the man in suburbia where he will play golf, and the man in the super-flat to what Continental resort he will drift at Easter. It may be theoretically very terrible that there should be two and a half millions of unemployed, but are the cinemas empty in industrial towns, do haggard men and women in threadbare clothes drag themselves wearily from works to works imploring to be taken on? It may be serious that British foreign imports should be down for 1930 by scores of millions of pounds, but the retail butcher at the corner has bought a new car, and the pastry-cook opposite has a new plate-glass front of the very latest and most expensive type.

Of course there are plenty of people who do realize the facts and many others who—without, perhaps, fully appreciating them—understand that bank-chairmen, leading industrialists and others would not without reason so constantly utter their ever more urgent warnings. But even to this section of the population, which either sees the impending catastrophe or accepts the truth of the warnings by men who do see it, the position does not appear as one with which they can individually help to deal. They cannot "join up" as in 1914. There is no "first hundred thousand" in this war. There are only —politicians. And the less one talks of politicians of almost any school before people who know something of what faces us, the greater their respect for one's mental stability. It is not difficult to understand this attitude. No political party has a clean or even moderately clean record in respect of national economy. None has failed to try to appease "the many-headed beast" with additional sops at the expense of the tax-payer.

In some cases it has appeared to detached observers as though it might not be entirely fair to ascribe this vicarious altruism to motives of sheer electoral bribery. There appeared to have been in play some feminine sentimentality mixed with socio-political funk, the idea that the only way to escape a revolution was to bribe the potential revolutionaries. Elementary experience might

have suggested that, if revolution is really knocking at the door in this way, its eventual entry will only be prevented by national resistance, as in 1926, and not by paying blackmail. But the argument has actually been put forward lately, and not only by Socialists, that the dole has alone stood between us and revolution. On the other hand, why do people who profess to think that the most extravagant largess is better than revolution, support, or at least refuse to condemn the Trades Disputes Bill, which would in effect make revolution or the threat of revolution a legal instrument of political pressure? It might no doubt be possible to argue that, if revolution is to succeed, it will do so because the moral fibre of the nation is too weak to resist it and that, therefore, it will make no eventual difference whether it is or is not technically illegal. But by the same argument, if revolution is destined to succeed, it will not be prevented by periodical payments of dane-geld to the revolutionaries. But if all this talk of revolution avoided by the dole is really humbug—that is, political mendacity or political self-deception—then the last possible excuse for the squandering of national resources by successive Governments—not by Socialists alone—is withdrawn, and I can understand the feeling of many men and women with whom I have spoken recently, that in party politicians as such there is to be found no help in the hour of national economic danger.

Others, and these on the whole are in the majority to-day, tell me that the difficulty lies, not in the honest intentions of some political leaders, but in the fact that under our present political system they would never be given a chance to carry out the measures which are necessary for national salvation.

I am told, not by Fascistically-minded critics of the parliamentary regime as such, but by supporters of it in theory, that it has broken down because even a Government determined to apply drastic remedies such as a general tariff, or the vigorous application of the means-test for public relief, or the "genuinely-seeking-work" test for relief through the contributory insurance fund, would never be given a chance to complete its work. "Supposing a Conservative Cabinet were willing to sacri-

fice their whole future careers in order to make this one effort—supposing, once in power, they were to turn a completely deaf ear to protestations, to show the door of No. 10 alike to manufacturers demanding unfair or unnecessary advantages under a tariff, and to deputations of feminine sentimentalists asking for free distributions of soothing syrup for babies, or of political opportunists demanding that the dole restrictions should be operated less rigidly in their particular areas, because by-elections were pending—what would be the result? Long before the life-saving surgery of the Government on the one hand, or their bone-and-sinew-forming prescriptions for industry on the other, had a chance to prove effective and the recovery of the patient to become obvious, the Government would be flung out under the normal five-year system by hordes of voters clamouring that the surgery hurt them, the emetics incommoded them and the constructive prescriptions had an unpleasant taste." That, more or less, is the argument with which I have been confronted again and again.

Is there no way of escape? I suggest that there is. Three-party co-operation is impossible. You cannot have co-operation in national economy with a party whose present Minister of Labour openly regards the dole as a normal addition to wages properly provided by the State, or whose Minister of Health declared that he "would rather die in the last ditch than ever agree to economy in the social services," irrespective of the effects of those services upon industry. Socialists are Socialists, and they are true in action as well as in profession to their creed. It seems extraordinary to me that so many people apparently look upon them as a sort of rather extremely radical humanitarians who are not really as red as they are painted. In any case, co-operation with them is impossible. Nor is it really possible to organize a Coalition Government of the two non-Socialist parties. Coalitions are in evil odour, and any Coalition Government which had Mr. Lloyd George in it would be condemned, not to economy, but to completely reckless extravagance. I read some time ago, while on a journey, a book, I believe by a former member of a Liberal administration, Sir Charles Mallet, which gave a highly

interesting account of the kind of bureaucracy which Mr. Lloyd George managed to install. He had, I remember, in one Government office alone, a whole hierarchy of expensive officials, including editors, assistant editors, super-charwomen and ordinary charwomen—a wonderful picture of profligate Byzantinism. I am unable to discover that he has even now repented of his notion that the proper remedy for a nearly bankrupt concern is to spend vast sums of money, to be raised—of course at progressively increasing rates—on loan.

Coalition Government, then, in the ordinary sense of the word is impossible. But there is or might be a kind of Liberal-Conservative Coalition which would be more effective, and which has before been tried with success—I mean a revival of a Liberal-Unionist movement with a different originating motive to that of Joseph Chamberlain. I rush in, doubtless, where angels might fear to tread, but the solution I have in mind would mean the presence of Sir John Simon in a Cabinet under a Conservative premier. Admittedly, there are difficulties, but are they really insuperable? In a letter to *The Times* lately, Sir Charles Mallet indicated points on which what I might, perhaps, call the Simon-school of Liberals, agree and disagree with Conservatives. The most obvious difficulty is undoubtedly the emergency tariff to which Conservatives are committed. But I should like to ask this question. Supposing that a general election this Spring should by some miracle return sufficient convinced Cobdenite Free-Trade Liberals to form a government, what sort of budget would or could they produce? Revenue would have to be raised, and I do not suppose that the most ardent Cobdenite believes that he could raise additional revenue to-day by increase of the standard rate of income-tax by a shilling or eighteenpence without economic disaster and without discovering that the income-tax has already passed the stage of diminishing returns. What could a Free Trade Government do except impose tariffs for revenue? It is difficult to believe that in doing so they would not try to give them some reasonable continuity, knowing, as their economic advisers would, that industry and trade generally need dependability of conditions, at any rate for a time, as

much as almost any other assistance. Nor, I suppose, would they refuse to take the opportunity of making any advantageous agreements that were possible with the Dominions. But what else would a Conservative Government do? It must, of course, be admitted that in such a revival of Liberal-Unionism as I suggest there would be some Liberals who could not consent to such an alliance. They would not want to join Unionists and clearly Unionists would feel uncomfortable in their company. On the other hand, I suppose that there must be many keen Liberals who are very much out of their element in the present "companionate marriage" with Socialists, since extravagance, rapid increase of the bureaucracy, and reckless finance are not, I believe, a part of the historic Liberal tradition.

Sir John Simon has it in his power, it would seem, to ensure the early return of a strong Liberal-Unionist Government, able to tackle the situation. His path has already separated from that of Mr. Lloyd George and there is—if I am rightly informed—no doubt of the strong support which he finds in the constituencies, a more important consideration than his support among Liberals in the present House of Commons. If he could persuade himself to take the further step indicated—with the admitted certainty, of course, of membership of the next Cabinet—that action would have many important results, of which I only venture to suggest two. It would be an event of such outstanding significance in our time that even the stupidest and most indifferent of the electorate would realize that a very serious situation must have arisen to induce a man of so independent a judgment and well-balanced a mind to take the step. And throughout the country tens of thousands of men and women of no well-defined political allegiance, who do realize or at least admit the dangers, would rally to the new Liberal-Unionist colours because they would feel that here was an honest attempt to meet and defeat those dangers without recourse to emergency methods foreign alike to our national habits and to our Parliamentary tradition.

If no such development is possible in the very early future, there is increasing evidence in quarters necessarily and traditionally aloof from perfervid party-political

prejudice that the people of Britain will presently have the facts of the situation brought home to them in very unpleasant ways, while politicians will discover that not politics, but finance, have the final word. A heedless public does not realize, doubtless, how the mere maintenance of the ordinary life of an over-industrialized country such as Britain depends upon her banking system and upon those international associations and movements which her banks help to control and influence in her interest. In the last resort, the public may be compelled to realize such facts in ways that will possibly alarm and doubtless much incommode them. It will be better, certainly, if the necessity for such public education in the manner that now threatens does not arise. But if that necessity is to be avoided, there is little time to lose.

The Liberal Dilemma

By Sir Charles Mallet

MANY people would be glad to see an agreement between political parties to settle certain urgent problems which threaten financial disaster. And many feel that the existence of a minority Government which is compelled to make terms with some of its opponents offers exceptional opportunities for an agreement of this kind. Coalitions have never been popular. A National Government may be a counsel of despair. But co-operation between existing parties for certain limited and definite objects seems to be rendered necessary by the distribution of forces in the House of Commons. The Liberal Party's dilemma at the moment is to decide what the limits of their co-operation with the Government must be.

Conservatives, naturally anxious to replace the present Administration, may not altogether realize the considerations which appeal most to Liberals—to Liberals, that is, who are not over-fond of tactics. On certain questions Liberals as a whole are content to support the Government in power. They have no quarrel with its foreign policy, though they regard its obstinate refusal to face realities in Russia as perverse. They have no quarrel with its handling of Imperial affairs. They are prepared to go far with it in its efforts to lay the foundations of a settlement in India, though they are less ready to imagine that age-long difficulties can be settled in a moment by applying the catchwords of Western Democracy to the profoundly different conditions of the East. They share—it may even be said that they have prompted—the Government's desire to improve an electoral system which, in so far as it may place the fate of the country in the hands of a party representing only a minority of the nation, has in it elements of danger to the State. And, rightly or wrongly, they believe that the present Administration is a guarantee for the continuance of Free Trade, and that to dismiss it is to open the way to experiments in Protection gravely damaging to British interests.

On the other hand, there are certain issues on which Liberals and Socialists cannot in principle agree. The services rendered by the Trade Union movement to the working people of this country are beyond dispute.

They owe to it in no small measure the justice which is now rarely denied them and the economic independence they possess. But there are to-day too many indications that Trade Unionism, misled by fallacious economic theories, is tempted to misuse its powers, to enforce restrictions and to demand concessions which cannot be reconciled with fair and honest work, and in political matters to push its authority to lengths which make it a menace to the law. It is impossible for Liberals who retain their old respect for freedom to assent to all that the unions demand, or to sanction legislation which would facilitate or legalize a general strike like that of 1926, whatever the immediate Parliamentary consequences of their refusal to agree to it may be. And it is equally impossible for Liberals who still believe in the Gladstonian maxim that low taxation and scrupulous economy are essential to national well-being to assent to the view that social inequalities can be redressed and material prosperity diffused by spending ever more and more, by transferring the taxpayers' wealth in ever larger measure not to the workers only but to those who are least inclined to work, or by teaching people to rely less and less upon their own exertions and more and more upon the assistance of the State.

There must be politicians in all parties who feel that the time has come to make public economy the dominant issue in public life. Were it possible to call a truce for twelve months to current controversies, to postpone alike trade union legislation, tariff reform and alternative votes, to appoint Commissions—Parliamentary leaders are rarely averse to that expedient—to examine further into those uncomfortable problems, and to set the wiser heads in all parties alike to find a way to reduce taxation, can any man who has studied our finances doubt that much could be done without delay to cut down expenditure which is ruining the country? A few years ago the Geddes Committee discovered a way of saving £100 millions. Even the Departments, brought to book by the threat of that Committee, found a way of saving £75 millions of their own accord. It may require the reckless prodigality of a Coalition Government to make it possible to cut down expenses by £170 millions in a moment like that. But our expenditure is now running

up again so rapidly, and its demoralizing effects upon industry and character are now so universally admitted, that a similar determined effort to cut down our Budget by millions at a time is required. It is not an exaggeration to say that savings of from £50 to £100 millions could be effected, if the politicians would for the moment agree to put their own favourite objects of expenditure second and the necessities of the nation first. The ideals of Peel and Gladstone may be dead. But the traditions of Goschen and Hicks-Beach and even of Sir Eric Geddes survive. They are strong enough, if persevered in, to carry such a project through. And there are men in all parties who have the grit to do it, if their leaders would call on them and the rank and file obey.

It is obvious that in the matter of expenditure no party has a clean bill. There are still in the Liberal Party men both competent and anxious to enforce drastic proposals for economy. But the present leader of that party in the House of Commons is, it must be sorrowfully admitted, the very genius of improvident finance. It is no accident that the ten years which saw his influence become supreme in English politics, the years from 1911 to 1921, saw our expenditure on public social services advance from £63 millions to £306 millions. And it is not without significance that his special recipe for unemployment is to borrow and spend £200 or £250 millions without adding "one penny to national or local taxation." The record of the Conservative Party cannot be said to be much better. Some of its most prominent leaders were participants in Coalition finance. Sir Robert Horne, then a favourite Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared that the Government could not reduce expenditure below £950 millions. And Mr. Churchill, in a later Administration, gave us Widows' Pensions and the De-rating Act: the latter alone, it appears, will cost us £36 millions in the current year. It is noticeable also that in his recent promise of economy, Mr. Baldwin, while pledging himself not to increase expenditure, says nothing of any effort to reduce the intolerable charges imposed on us to-day. Mr. Snowden has his own embarrassments—an inherited deficit, fresh demands for social legislation, and, if one may say so respectfully, a terrible tail to wag. But he has shown,

on more than one occasion, a regard for sound traditions and a courage in advocating at any rate some ideals of thrift which have not always been found in recent Chancellors of the Exchequer. Were it possible to appoint as plenipotentiaries representing the three parties, let us say, Mr. Snowden, Lord Inchcape, and Mr. Runciman, with instructions from the House of Commons not to separate till they had framed proposals for saving between £50 and £100 millions in the next Budget, we might hope to repeat the achievements of the Geddes Committee and to bring some sensible relief to the pressure on our people. But if we allow the situation to drift much longer, there will soon be no relief available except some form of repudiating debt.

Few who study the figures at our disposal can question that immense opportunities for reductions could be found. The dole as now administered is admittedly a scandal which cannot go on. It is now being used not only as an excuse for refusing work, but widely and deliberately as a supplement to wages, even in cases where wages are high. Men in South Wales to-day, it seems, are earning £5 or £6 for three days' work a week and drawing the dole for the other three: and what is done in one industry will obviously be done in others. Short-time work is being organized at the expense of the State. Unemployment figures, often largely misleading, go on leaping up. It is significant that last Christmas the increase for the holiday was 136,000 more than it was in 1929. The dole is admittedly a running sore, and unless a cure is found for its abuse, there will soon be no limit to the expenditure and the taxation which it entails. Unemployment insurance is a part of the scandal. It is difficult to excuse the weakness of successive Governments in allowing the original scheme to be destroyed by enlargements and additions—twelve amending Acts within twelve years—the object of which was simply to give public money more easily to people who had not satisfied the conditions on which the solvency of the scheme depended. The habit of resorting to hand-to-mouth expedients, to get over difficulties which it might be unpopular to face, characteristic of the Coalition Government, has been only too freely adopted since. The Labour leaders are

not primarily to blame for the abuse of the system, but unless they are willing to stop them, the whole system is doomed to break down.

Meanwhile, Government Departments are still a source of unjustifiable expenditure. The Augean Stable of 1921 has been, it is true, partially cleansed. But we are gaily spending over £60 millions on the cost of government, £110 millions on national defence, and £250 millions on social services and pensions. Our total liabilities, national and local, have been estimated at nearly £500 per head, as compared with £18 per head before the War. Big staffs are needed to spend all this money; 305,000 persons were employed in our Government Departments in July 1929; and the number had risen to 312,000 by July of last year. The old Treasury with its frugal traditions and its genuine zeal for economy is gone. The Ministry of Transport, twice sentenced to death by successive Governments and admitted by its own chief to be unnecessary, still goes on merrily, spending needless millions every year. The Ministry of Health overflows with philanthropy, but its admirable intentions are wholly disjoined from considerations of finance. The demands of medical science grow daily more exacting and expensive. Panel doctors make their harvest, but more is wanted, and hundreds of thousands of cases are now referred to Regional Medical Referees. School-children, undergoing their three statutory examinations, now play at a game of medical inspection: "Put out your tongue: take a deep breath: say ninety-nine." And a wholesale chemist observes with glee that the invention of a Ministry of Health with its effective free advertisement has made him a rich man. The taxpayer pays, and perhaps in the long run our spoon-fed people. It is significant that German men of science, from whom we borrowed some of our philanthropies, are beginning to dwell on the other side of the picture now. Sickness insurance is failing, they tell us, in its object of building up a healthy people. It has become a means of obtaining doles rather than health. "The will to be well" is undermined because a medical certificate means pay without work. The system in Germany is said to be leading to "physical as well as moral degeneration." But we go gaily on. In Great Britain our expenditure on health and poor relief

and other forms of social service rose from £22 millions in 1891 to £395 millions in 1929.

The most serious consideration suggested by these ominous figures is the lack of control at the head and the indifference to expenditure shown by officials and politicians alike. The well-meant demand for social improvement at somebody else's expense is strong. The experts are always ready to extend it. Responsible Ministers rarely seem to ask whether we are getting value for the money we pour out. And local authorities, pressed by Government to spend, especially upon relief-works, hesitate to show themselves more parsimonious than the State. There are always the rates to fall back on: and no one stops to reflect that the rising rates add daily to the cost of housing and living for the poor. It is estimated that, whereas before the War it cost £4 to educate a child, it now costs £16. Teachers' salaries have increased enormously. But can it be said that our standards of education have gone up? It is known that we have spent hundreds of millions on ill-managed schemes of housing, the effect of which has been to check the natural growth of building, to pour money into private pockets and to saddle us with debt. And it is beyond dispute that the figures of local expenditure, which have trebled since the War, and which in one year reached, including loans, the startling figure of £519 millions, are in some ways more alarming even than the figures of the Budget. Poor relief recklessly administered has in it possibilities of financial waste and moral deterioration which only those experienced in Poor Law administration grasp. Authenticated cases exist in one borough alone of an able-bodied man of 39 living for years on poor-relief, interrupted only by a short term of hard labour, of a man of 44 with a wife and children living an effortless life on the rates for six years, of a man of 46 with a wife and four children, all born since he took to living on relief, who in seven years earned 15*s*. altogether and drew £685 from the rates paid by his hard-working neighbours. Even stubborn sentimentalists may realize that this is wrong. But that does not prevent fresh schemes for spending money quite as foolishly from being propounded every day. One group of philanthropists has now a plan for family allowances, which may cost anything from £70 to £150 millions a year. And another

is seriously demanding pensions for mothers at the State's expense, on the ground that it is "a degradation in the status of woman" that at present no woman receives any "money remuneration for her mother's task!" Yet it is difficult for Liberals to insist upon the dangerous nature of these proposals so long as their nominal leader proclaims that borrowing and spending are sovereign remedies for public ills.

One subject of great importance remains. Genuine Liberals must hesitate to dismiss a Socialist Government if that means installing a Protectionist Government in power. They fear that the reintroduction of Protection would intensify our trade depression, add to our taxes and increase our costs. Is it quite impossible to separate this difficult question from party politics and to consider only the necessities of British trade to-day? Clearly, certain trades would benefit by tariffs: as clearly, certain of our greatest trades could not. We have to work out in detail, and not on party platforms, where the balance of advantage for the whole British people lies. Clearly direct taxation is too heavy, and a general tariff might help to shift the burden on to some who do not, it is argued, pay enough. But there is always the danger that additional revenue drawn from tariffs might be used not to reduce the income-tax but to increase expenditure on social waste. Clearly, too, tariffs imposed on raw materials, as now suggested, are only too likely to increase our costs of production, at the moment when their reduction is a prime necessity if we are to hold our own in a competitive world. Less clearly, perhaps—but the precedent in Australia is very ominous, where most of the great primary interests of the Commonwealth are now subsidized by the State, to compensate them for the high prices imposed on them by Protection—we might find ourselves compelled to subsidize in this country those interests which suffered from Protection, and thus to add heavily to our expenses every year. It is not possible within the limits of this article to develop these considerations. They need, it is submitted, far more close examination than they can hope to receive so long as Protection is treated purely as a party cry. But they may help to indicate how sincere and how serious is the dilemma to be faced by many Liberals who long for economy and good government to-day.

India

After the Round Table Conference?

By Sir Reginald Craddock, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.

THE progress of the Round Table Conference has been watched with deep anxiety by those who understand India, and with languid interest by the British public generally, of whom a few may have some hazy forebodings that all may not be well, but the majority are ready to applaud high sentiments exchanged between the principal British and Indian speakers, imagining that these latter are the chosen spokesmen of an Indian nation, demanding as a solid body to manage its own affairs and to be released from all control by a foreign bureaucracy. Such people have a confused idea that there is a dispute between Hindus and Moslems (whoever they may be), and that there are some minorities whose rights will have to be conserved in a new Constitution, but, that with a little patience, these difficulties will be easily settled, and that there will then emerge a new member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, loyal, grateful and prosperous, offering a magnificent market for British trade. Constitutional idealists, including the editors of several important journals, who have, of course, a greater knowledge of the broad facts about India than the average British citizen, still persuade themselves that "Responsible Government" will cure all evils, assuage all animosities, and weld the 320 millions of people into a pleasing union of democratic souls, working as a harmonious whole for the common good of a great nation in which every race and class in that mosaic of races, castes and creeds, will exercise their due share of influence and receive their due share of benefit.

It is an alluring vision, though it seems to savour more of dreams than realities, for that which the Simon Commission regarded as a dim objective and which to the Government of India only two months ago seemed still more dim is in the twinkling of an eye wrenched from a distant future into a fact as good as accomplished. It

is hailed in advance by enthusiastic British statesmen as the ideal solution of one of the most perplexing problems in the world's history. So romantic is the change that it has " dazzled " even such a veteran lawyer-statesman as Lord Reading.

Will it work? Will it evolve? were the questions asked by the Prime Minister at an early stage of the Conference and the Conservative Delegates appear to be still waiting for an answer, before they give it their final blessing. The other two parties trust that " safeguards "—a really blessed word—will move mountains or dam cataracts. Are we quite sure that it is not a dream? Let us come back to earth for a moment. The Simon Commission rejected the possibility of " Responsibility at the centre." Lord Irwin's Government felt that only a measure of " duality "—a new term—in the Government of India could safely be conceded. Lord Reading had himself protested against the Viceroy's announcement of Dominion Status as the goal. He was understood to be standing by the Simon Report. The explanation is that the desire of some of the Princes to enter a federation of States and provinces has proved the " open sesame " to the locked door of responsibility in the Central Government.

There are some very relevant questions which need an answer, and the first is: Supposing that the Princes, after their return to India, begin to repent them of their expressed desires, or wish to lay down conditions which are rightly unacceptable to British India. What then happens to " responsibility at the centre? " Is it off? Lord Sankey has said that " in future India will be governed by Indians." If then, after all, responsibility at the centre is not granted, Indian politicians, certainly Hindu politicians, will bring the charge of bad faith against the British. The British people are so scared at any allegation by outsiders of bad faith that they do not stop to consider whether it is true. Up go their hands. Nor does the Indian politician trouble himself in the matter because it is his favourite and never-failing weapon whereby to secure the surrender of the British people. The answer to the question must be given explicitly and beyond reach of cavil while there is yet time.

The next question is: What proportion of the Indian States must enter the Federation before the structure at the centre is considered stable enough to warrant this responsibility being granted? It might, for example, be found that only a few of the States finally decide to enter the Federal Constitution. Possibly the few that sponsored it at the Conference, or most welcomed it at that time. Clearly the States' contingent to the Federal Scheme must be sufficiently large to secure that the new ship of State does not set out upon its hazardous voyage with a dangerous list.

It is indeed probable that the States willing to enter must represent at least three-fourths of the total population of all the States before their inclusion will secure the required stability at the centre.

So far it has been conceded for the sake of argument that the adhesion of the States to a Federal Scheme will secure the stability of a self-governing India, subject to a few transitional reservations, and thus justify the policy of giving responsibility at the centre. This proposition seems to have been taken for granted without much critical examination of the points likely to be at issue. For example, a new distribution of subjects appears to be contemplated, viz., federal subjects (concerning the whole Federation), central subjects (concerning British India alone), and provincial subjects. But can these be divided into watertight compartments? Will there not crop up from time to time questions regarding which controversy will arise? Lord Reading expressed the rather pious hope that the States would take their part in governing British India, but if the States do take their share, how can they resist a demand by British India that it should have a voice in the policy followed in the States? If so, what becomes of the independence of the Princes as autocratic rulers, upon which the Princes so constantly insist?

Again, suppose that some critical issue in respect to British India results in a motion of no confidence moved in the Federal Legislature. If the representatives of the States oppose such a motion, they will be accused of unwarrantable interference. One can hear the sneers of the British India politicians who will speak of the States'

representatives as the mere "nominees of autocrats," "their masters' voices," and so on. If the States' representatives abstain from all part in the debate, their value as a counterpoise is lost. Here then are occasions for deadlocks and intrigues; threats of agitation to be fomented in the States; bargains to ward it off. The alleged stability of the proposed Constitution may thus become a phantom.

It has been laid down that the Cabinet of Ministers shall be responsible for carrying out the policy of the Legislature, and that, if they fail to do this, they should be dismissed by the Governor-General. Let it be supposed—a not unlikely contingency—that the Legislatures pass a resolution, or introduce a Bill, to repeal the sedition sections of the Criminal Law. Such a Bill might well be one which the Governor-General might feel it right to veto. The Cabinet of Ministers might agree with him, but, if so, they are at once liable to be dismissed because they are not carrying out the policy of the Legislature In other words, the Governor-General might be obliged to dismiss them when he considered they were right, but to retain them when he considered they were wrong. This is one of the possibilities of fastening upon India institutions in advance of the stage of her development. Apart from all these points of doubt and difficulty, which may render the proposed scheme unworkable in practice, the British negotiators do not seem to realize how lopsided an arrangement is in danger of being introduced. British interests appear to have been left to the potential safeguards in the hands of the Governor-General and the Governors. It may not be difficult to prevent discriminative legislation being passed, but discriminating executive action by one of the Local Governments is far more difficult to counter. For one thing it may not come to light, for another, even if it does come to light, it may be obscured by specious excuses.

But to take a broader view, under the structure contemplated, the Power that has made India what she is, that has built up her prosperity, that has saved her from invasion, that has kept her diverse races from cutting each other's throats, is now meekly to surrender all its authority to groups of politicians who

have no right by birth, tradition or history to be treated as predecessors in title to ourselves, but to whom, it is argued, we should now restore their heritage. Is the Tamil, the Telugu, the Bengali the rightful heir to the throne of Delhi? Never since the walls of Jericho fell flat before the sound of Joshua's trumpets has there been such a collapse of a stronghold before the eloquence of Kashmiri and Madrasi Brahmins. That was one walled city; this is the Indian Empire. Have we any mandate from 97 per cent. of the Indian people to hand them over to the tender care of the English-speaking politicians? When Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru makes the claim, he is applauded. When the representatives of hundreds of low castes, speaking on behalf of 60 million of their humble countrymen, recently at Allahabad gave three cheers for the British Raj, not a single word of encouragement was said to them. The Prime Minister promises to put safeguards into the Constitution, which may mean little or nothing in actual practical working, but he adds the significant words that "Minorities must learn to protect themselves." A poor comfort for loyal but humble men who will have to depend for their freedom upon the good offices of the very classes that have held them under subjection for thirty centuries.

The men in the great services are to be handed over like dumb chattels, to battle if they can with the intrigues of Ministers, a great number of whom will have neither capacity nor character fitting them for high office.

Who will control the Ministers? The Legislatures.

Who will control the Legislatures? Not the electorate at large (it is too ignorant), but an irresponsible Press, wealth and influence, hordes of needy relatives and caste fellows. In our admiration for the beautiful structure, the rough preliminary sketch of the architect, we must not lose sight of the stern facts—the rottenness of the foundation, the flimsiness of the walls, the untrustworthiness of the girders upon which this beautiful structure and its heavily-weighted roof will have to be laid. We must calculate the stresses and the strains which the understructure will have to bear. Has this been done? It was impossible for the Round Table Conference to examine such details as these. Yet it is upon their stability that

the safety of the whole structure depends. India will govern Indians, including those British who are in the services or engaged in peaceful commerce, while the sole function of the British in this so-called Partnership Dominion is to be confined to the rôle of protecting India from her enemies without and her feuds within. In fact, except for the Governor-General and Governors, who may be driven before long into the position of figure-heads, the British Army will rapidly become a mere mercenary force. The Governor-General and the Governors who have to assume responsibility, to prevent widespread disorders, will have no agency but the British Army and the British-officered Indian Army to carry out the necessary measures. The police will be under the orders of Ministers and a force disintegrated from its existing loyalties. In Montagu's Indian Diary it is written that they (the Indians) want control of the police from a different motive from that for which they want education. "They want education because they love it; they want the police because they hate them. They want education because they want to make it better; they want the police because they want to make them worse." They will certainly succeed in making them worse. Whether they will succeed in making education better is another proposition.

Some years ago an educated Indian clerk said to a British officer, "We cannot defeat you with our swords, but we will conquer you with our mouths." Had he a vision of the Round Table Conference?

Much has been said of the Hindu-Moslem differences, and, if report is correct, greater pressure was put upon the Mohammedans to accept reserved seats on general electorates than was put upon Hindus to concede separate electorates to the Moslems. The Moslems have been firm in their refusal to give up their own electorates, and they are perfectly right, for the differences between Hindu and Moslem are radical. The Moslems, in spite of their numerical inferiority, had conquered and ruled the greater part of India before their kingdoms gave way to British rule. Moslems are monotheistic; the Hindus are polytheists. Moslems are iconoclastic; the Hindus delight in images and shrines, and pour their libations

before many gods. The Moslems sacrifice the cow and eat it; the Hindus worship it. The Moslems take no usury; the Hindus have grown fat on it. The Moslems are relatively backward in wealth and education; the Hindus are pre-eminently superior in both. Can it be wondered then that the Moslems shrink from all risk of becoming constitutionally at the mercy of Hindus? If there were no British in the country, the Moslems would be free to settle their differences; but so long as there is a British Army in the country and an Indian Army officered by British officers, they are unable to defend themselves against Hindu encroachment. It was only three years ago that prominent Hindu speakers spoke publicly of the time when mosques would be converted into temples. Amidst the suave utterances at the Round Table Conference, one is apt to forget the scenes of bloodshed that periodically recur when Hindu-Moslem antagonism is aroused among the masses. We all wish that the leaders who gather around a Conference table could prevent such bloodshed and such violent communal speeches. But these are stern facts which cannot be ignored, and it is these that make the work of Constitution-building so difficult and dangerous. These things are all the more deplorable because Hindus and Moslems can live side by side for a long time in neighbourly amity, but a spark will suddenly light a conflagration, and it is impossible to legislate against sparks. If we could be certain that with our new Constitution-building the facts on the spot would correspond with the optimistic utterances of the Conference speakers, we might go forward without so much misgiving. But the facts may overcome the speakers before the speakers overcome the facts.

There are many smaller minorities that are in the deepest gloom about their future—the smallest of all are the European and the Anglo-Indian safeguards. Safeguards? Yes, there were plenty of safeguards in the R. 101. The safeguards of the Conference will prove to have been "*Safety Last*."

The Indian Army and its future

By Field-Marshal Sir Claud W. Jacob,
G.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G.

THE ordinary stay-at-home Englishman, as a rule, takes very little interest in India unless he has relatives in the various services of that country, or has perhaps commercial and business affairs which demand his attention. The real India, away from the big towns of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, where the teeming millions of Indians work at agriculture and country pursuits, is a sealed book to most of the inhabitants of Great Britain. How few realize—

(1) The immense size of the Indian Empire, which occupies a continent the size of Europe minus Russia.

(2) The diversity of the races in India, speaking 222 different languages and dialects.

(3) The fact that India is not a nation and never will be.

(4) The fact that only 7 per cent. of her huge population can read and write in any known language.

(5) The history of India and its constant invasion by foreigners until the British came and put a stop to these incursions.

(6) The misery and poverty of the inhabitants in former times, when justice was practically unknown, until British rule established law and order and gave peace to the country.

(7) The problems of the sea and land frontiers of India. India has a coast line of 5,000 miles, and its safety was never assured until the British Navy swept away the pirates and other invaders and became mistress of the sea. Her land frontier is about 6,000 miles, a situation which is unique in our Empire and with which no other Dominion is confronted.

Many pages could be written about these facts, but it is proposed to discuss only one problem in this article, and that is the army in India and its future.

The history of that army is most fascinating, but it

requires long study to understand how it came into being and evolved from small beginnings until that very fine structure appeared which occupies and protects the Indian Empire to-day.

It was on December 31, 1600, that Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to certain English merchants to trade in India and the East. That was the beginning of the English entry into India and the birth of what was later known as the Honourable East India Company. The next important event was in January, 1631, when the Moghul Emperor at Delhi granted permission to those merchant adventurers to erect factories in Surat. These factories eventually needed soldiers to protect them, and thus began our Indian Army. The history of subsequent events until the present day does not come within the scope of this article. It is one of the most absorbing and interesting studies, showing how the British occupation of India spread until the India of to-day became part of the British Empire, and Parliament, through its agent the Government of India, assumed responsibility for the safety and well-being of the Indian Empire.

These responsibilities are very heavy and real, for they entail the upkeep of a large army. In the early days of the East India Company the army consisted of native troops with British officers to command and lead them. The Company soon found it imperative to have regiments of English soldiers whom they enlisted in England for service in India. Then, as the commitments of the Company increased and more and more territory was annexed, the larger the army became. It had to take a share in defending India and in keeping the peace in the territories which had come under the control of the East India Company. Regular units of the British Army began to appear on the scene, the first to arrive being the 39th Foot, now known as the 1st Battalion of the Dorsetshire Regiment, with the motto, "Primus in Indis." So the responsibilities of the Company became heavier and heavier, and eventually it found itself controlling a really huge Empire. Then came the great Indian Mutiny of 1857–58. After its suppression the Crown took over the whole responsibility, and the East India Company ceased to exist. Ever

since then the work of consolidation in India has been progressing. Provinces had to be formed, boundaries to be fixed, and an administration to be set up suitable to the needs of the very varied populations of those provinces. Treaties were made with Indian States which remained outside what is known as British India proper, and the country gradually settled down. But to enable this consolidation to be carried out it was essential that India should be free from invasion and external aggression. With a land frontier of 6,000 miles, of which 1,100 miles between India on one side and Persia and Afghanistan on the other were not demarcated until 1894–96, and with tribes always on the look-out for opportunities to raid into India, it is obvious that an efficient army had to be kept up on the frontier or within easy reach of it.

From time immemorial India has been an easy prey to outside attack—and these invasions were fairly frequent and attended with great slaughter and other horrors. They were prevented when the British appeared on the scene, but the threat still remains, and so recently as 1919 Afghanistan made an attempt which, if it had coincided with the disturbances in the Punjab in that year, might have been very serious. In the past there was always the fear of aggression from Russia. That may appear to be remote in these days, but we know that insistent efforts are being made by Soviet Russia to upset the peace of India by the most insidious propaganda, and that, if that continent became convulsed in anarchy, she would certainly take full advantage of it.

In addition to the possibility of external aggression, India's North-West frontier is always a source of anxiety. The tribes that live on that frontier and on our side of the border between Afghanistan and India are very warlike, well-armed, and a real menace if they choose to come out and try conclusions with us on the slightest sign of weakness in our administration. The events of 1930 in the vicinity of Peshawar are a good example of what will happen if the reins of government are slackly held. A combination of an invasion by Afghanistan and a general uprising of the frontier tribes would be a very serious situation—and with Russia added to it would be

almost beyond the powers of our present forces on the spot.

These menaces to peace and tranquillity in India are by no means the only ones. Owing to the diversity of races, religions, and languages we always have to be prepared for internal disorders in India. Of late years these have been very frequent and the military have been constantly called out to assist the civil authorities. It is well known that the chief cause of these communal disturbances is the enmity which has always existed, and will always exist, between those two great religions, Hindu and Mohammedan. It is no exaggeration to say that, unless there is some impartial authority, like the British, these rivalries will continue unabated. What will be the result if the combination mentioned above is joined by disturbances on a large scale in India itself?

There is a further menace which, though not very apparent to-day, might easily become lively, and that is a possible mutiny or disaffection in the Indian Army. We have had it in the past and there was an incident in Peshawar last summer which might have assumed ugly proportions. We cannot shut our eyes to the possibility of being confronted by another mutiny and we cannot neglect the most ordinary precautions to guard against it by having a sufficient garrison of British troops.

Again, what will happen if there is a combination of all four of the menaces that have been mentioned?

To meet all eventualities the Army in India is composed of 65,000 British regular troops and 150,000 Indian troops commanded and led by British officers. There are, in addition, scattered all over India, various volunteer units, such as the Auxiliary Force of British and Anglo-Indians of about 10,000, the Indian Territorial Force of 20,000, and the forces of the Indian States, if those States choose to lend their troops to the Government of India.

When the size of the Indian Continent is considered and what dangers have to be guarded against, it will be seen that this Army is by no means too large. In fact, if the worst happened, it would be imperative to call on England for help.

It must be remembered that the military authorities always expect the highest efficiency from the Army, especially if the size of it is kept at a low level. Anything which may impair this will be a danger, and this danger will have the most disastrous results. It must be clearly understood that the efficiency of the Indian Army is entirely due to the British officers in each Indian unit. The war showed us that without the leadership of that devoted band of British officers those units soon ceased to function efficiently. Anyone who has served with our Indian Army will bear out this statement.

Then, during the five years of the war and on the North-West frontier, it was curious that no Indian came out as a real leader when the British officers were all disabled. On the other hand, in the British Army we had private soldiers showing the highest form of leadership and becoming Generals. When we dive into history, we find that in the days of the Moghuls foreigners were constantly employed to command armies and units. England, France, and Italy all contributed their nationals who, from love of adventure, wandered to the East.

One of the causes of this lack of initiative and leadership is, of course, the illiteracy of the martial races in India. Very few men who cannot read or write are likely to be learned in the art of war, and that is why we cannot dispense with British officers in the Indian Army.

Yet we read of a demand at the Round Table Conference by certain delegates that the Indian Army should be completely Indianized and all British recruitment stopped. It also appears that the Labour Government is in favour of acceding to this demand. If this change is persisted in, the Indian Army will soon cease to exist as an efficient body—for chaos can be the only result.

An experiment was started with the gradual Indianization of eight units in the Indian Army a few years ago, by stopping British recruitment in those units and filling up the vacancies as they occur with Indians trained at Sandhurst. It will, of course, take some time to complete that experiment, but the Indian politician will not wait and wants to start an Indian Sandhurst and flood our Indian regiments with these young men,

so that complete Indianization can be carried out in a short space of time. The probabilities are that the Indian Army will have ceased to exist before this Indianization on such a large scale takes place!

It is to be hoped that saner counsels will prevail and that the Government will pause before it commits India to the state of anarchy and chaos which is bound to follow if this craze for self-government and the abolition of the Englishman from India is allowed to run the lengths the majority of the Round Table Conference delegates seem to wish.

A very fine soldier and administrator wrote in 1854 :—

"To the Anglo-Saxon race self-government is essential. But force the Oriental to take his share in government and you will soon have no government at all.

. . . . .

"It is obvious that two races of men with principles of action and feelings so different can never be successfully managed by adopting one system and forcing it alike on both."

What was true in 1854 seems to be still true to-day, seventy-six years later.

What is wrong with our Export Trade?

By Sir Arthur Balfour, Bart., K.B.E.*

SINCE 1913 the world's export trade has increased by 21 per cent., and in the meantime we have lost four per cent. of the world's trade. In view of the increase of our population, that shows there is something fundamentally wrong. Between 1924 and 1929 France increased her production by 30 per cent.; Germany hers by 22 per cent.; and Poland hers by 38 per cent. All these three countries produce more cheaply than we do. Our production is up by 12 per cent. In view of all these figures what is the cause of the world slump in trade?

Undoubtedly the immense destruction of wealth during the war has a great deal to do with it. The population of the world has fallen very far behind its production; between 1923 and 1928 it increased by ten per cent.; during the same period the production of foodstuffs and raw materials increased by 25 per cent. and raw materials alone by 35 per cent. We have seen also India, China and Russia, with a population of 900 millions, not only fail to improve their standard of living but even go back. There has been also a tremendous wave of speculation in the world. Some great authorities attribute a large part of our difficulties to the maldistribution of gold.

Others do not attach so much importance to this. I feel that if the vast amount of gold in America and France were distributed more evenly, it would go a long way to alleviating some of our troubles.

But the most urgent thing at present is some reasonable settlement of Allied Debts and Reparations. You cannot go on lifting these large sums of money from one country to another, without any value received, without a tremendous disturbance of exchanges and trade. You have a dramatic illustration in the German

* Summary of an address to the Individualist Club on January 14.

export trade, which during the first six months of last year was £310 millions, ours being only £304 millions. This is the first time we have taken second place to Germany. If you are going to force these payments without value received, you will in the net result force down our standard of living or ruin our export trade. We depend so much on our export trade, and this pressure on Germany to export at any price is much more detrimental to us than to any other country.

There is no good blinking the fact that our cost of production in this country is too high. We have been carrying on as though we were the only exporting country in the world. We have been putting round our neck millstones of debt, taxation and rates as though nothing mattered. It is the accumulation of recklessness in expenditure which largely accounts for our high cost of production. I believe we are paying £200 millions in wages more than we can afford to the sheltered industries. Who is to pay for that? We have to compete with great industrial countries which have built up their plant and technique since we were established, and have certain advantages in that direction.

Rates in almost every town have risen in a most astonishing manner, and nobody tries to prevent it, yet excessive rates are the most direct charge on the cost of things. Then there is the crushing burden of national taxation. We cannot go on for ever paying over £800 millions and continue to exist as an industrial nation. The tremendous gap between the 24 million people who vote and the 2,460,000 who pay direct taxation must be bridged in some form or other. It is very natural that the politician should forget the 2,460,000, who happen to include all those who best know how to employ people, and continue drawing money from them to cover the extravagance with which we are surrounded. I believe another threepence on the income tax would increase unemployment by half a million. We have got to the complete saturation point in national taxation and if it went further, the unemployment figure would astonish us. Tremendous degeneration is being caused by payment for unemployment. The whole system, with its perfectly legal methods of

avoiding work under it, is directing people's minds into wrong channels. By working three days a week and playing three days, large subsidies have been given to industry which would have been refused point-blank if asked for direct. There is no need for long investigation of this question because the Ministry of Labour knows all about it and the sooner it is tackled, the sooner a definite step can be taken to improve the morale of the people. I believe we shall be forced before long to go back to relieving distress and not paying for unemployment as such at all.

One of the most serious things to-day is want of confidence. Somehow or other we have to re-establish confidence in this country. We cannot go on in this numb state of affairs. It must be made worth while for those people who have the capacity, brains and accumulated capital to initiate employment, push inventions and enterprise and go abroad and take risks, to do so.

I think our agreeing to the Tariff Truce at Geneva was a vast mistake. It was not right to tie ourselves up to a condition of affairs with which both parties are dissatisfied.

Our exports last year were £12 15s. per head, and our taxation £14 7s. 6d. per head. There is something dead wrong there. We cannot afford to go on like that. We cannot afford in 1930 to be spending on social services double the amount of our national revenue of 1913. Somehow or other we have to reduce our national expenditure. Whether any Party politician will ever have the courage to do it I very much doubt. I believe the situation of this country is becoming so critical that we shall be forced to have some kind of national arrangement or agreement for a year or so to face this question of national expenditure. No Party has shown the courage when it has had the opportunity of facing that question. The dole or unemployment system will have to be cleaned up very drastically.

What is going to be done about tariffs? My own view is that if we could do without a tariff, we should be very much better off. But against that I am compelled to recognize that we have pushed up our standard of

living to such a point that to bring it down to the level at which we could compete in the world's trade would be so catastrophic that we cannot face it. Whether we like it or not, we are going to have tariffs placed on us because we have taken the wrong road in the past.

I believe the first thing to do is to let the people know where we stand. They have been fooled too long on this question. I have immense faith in the courage of our people. I believe if you tell them what sacrifices have to be made, what we have to do to re-establish ourselves, they would face it. It is no use our talking rubbish about trade improvement at the present time. If anything, it is falling away, and the number of unemployed week by week demonstrates that.

I believe suppression of the individual is largely responsible for the mess we find ourselves in to-day. Everybody has been leaning up against somebody else and hoping they would prop them up. We see in Russia tyranny at the top, machine guns in the middle, and distress, misery and enslavement at the bottom. If we follow that kind of collectivism, instead of giving free play to individual capacity and brains and making it worth while for the individual to show initiative and to employ people, we here shall see tyranny at the top, machine-guns in the middle and enslavement at the bottom.

Notes from Paris

By Roland Atkinson

Fall of the Ministry. — *The French Ministry, headed by M. Théodore Steeg, resigned on January 22, following a defeat in the Chamber of Deputies by ten votes on a motion of confidence. The vote was concerned with the price of wheat, over which there had been a difference in policy between the Minister of Agriculture, M. Victor Boret, and the Under-Secretary for National Economy at the Ministry of Commerce, M. Léon Meyer. M. Boret, with his eye on the rural voter, wished the price to be put up. M. Meyer, who sits for a town constituency, and who had been deputed to try to reduce living costs, objected and forced the conflict "into the open." M. Boret refused to resign to help the Cabinet to meet the attack which had been made easy for the Opposition, and so may be said to have brought the Ministry down with him.*

The fall of the Government at that moment came, however, as a surprise as, in well-informed quarters, it was understood that the Opposition would let pass the opportunity offered to them, preferring to wait until the Oustric scandal had been cleared up before turning out the Cabinet—which they obviously had the power to do whenever it suited them. The Notes which follow were written before the debate which ended in the Government's defeat, after a very short and always precarious existence.

The Dubious Cabinet.—After an extended holiday for which they had expressed no desire, French Deputies have returned to the Chamber, and one and all may be said to be in a state of wonderment. They are all inquiring what is likely to happen, for the one thing about which everybody feels confident is that the present Ministry is "unreal" and can only continue to exist so long as more substantial persons prefer to "bide a wee." Already the Cabinet of M. Théodore Steeg, frequently described as a lifelong Jonah, has been in office for several weeks longer than anticipated. It was commonly expected that it would fall on the first appearance before the Chamber. Now it has been in existence for nearly two

months. Having survived the first hurdle because, to the surprise of many, no attack was made upon it, the Government sent the Deputies away for a prolonged holiday in their constituencies, thus making sure of a month of life.

Seeking a Programme.—Possibly this carefree spell was used by the brighter minds of the Ministry to try to devise some programme that would differ from that of M. Tardieu and contain an appeal either to the country or to the wobbling centre of the Chamber. But if that were so, the results have not been very consequential. It may be taken for granted that if anything had been discovered which could offer an attraction, it would have been widely proclaimed. So, as no programme has been put forward, it is generally concluded that none has been found. From one angle this is really extraordinary, for, after all, the Government includes M. Loucheur at the Ministry of Commerce, and M. Loucheur is generally good for a programme a day. He has always been full of ideas, many of them very good ideas. His drawback has been that he is always an unconvincing exponent—so far as the other Deputies are concerned—of his schemes. Yet it is strange that he also should appear to have no plans at a time when his colleagues look bankrupt of ideas.

The Expert President.—Anyhow, while waiting for the Government to discover and announce its intentions, the Deputies have had little to do besides engage in the election for the Presidency of the Chamber. Even this was lacking in excitement, for there must be few who had any doubts over M. Fernand Bouisson's re-election. Nominally M. Bouisson belongs to the Socialist Party, but he has made the Speakership a profession, and it is probably true that no President of the French Chamber ever conveyed a better idea of perfect impartiality. He never claims election on political grounds, but always as a *technicien.* In view of his undoubted efficiency he is perhaps even more respected on the Right of the Chamber than he is in his own group. So a further minor wonderment was created as to why the Vice-President, M. Bouilloux-Lafont, should challenge him to a contest. M. Bouilloux-Lafont is popular, and when he presides he

does the job very well, but he has not quite the " expert " touch which M. Bouisson has acquired. The Chamber solved the difficulty very graciously by electing the first favourite after a second vote had been made necessary by the number of papers in favour of M. Bouilloux-Lafont on the first ballot.

The Oustric Investigations.—There is a general feeling that there will be no life in ordinary politics until the air has been cleared from the so-called Oustric scandal, in which so many politicians have been implicated, either by direct accusation or innuendo. Most of the gossip in the lobbies, instead of being concerned with Bills or procedure, is confined to the doings of the Inquiry Commission which is investigating the very widespread allegations. The discoveries of the Commission are certainly providing a quantity of material for comment and speculation. M. Raoul Peret, the former Minister of Justice, and M. René Besnard, who was French Ambassador in Rome, must be feeling that the net is being drawn ever more closely around them, and there is a strong demand that they shall be taken before the High Court. There are many other reputations also which promise to look very peculiar by the time the Commission has finished dealing with them.

Trouble About Wheat.—Had it not been for the Oustric inquiry, there would probably have been intense excitement over the split in the Cabinet in regard to wheat prices. The Minister of Agriculture, M. Victor Boret, certainly invited trouble by ignoring the existence in the Ministry of M. Léon Meyer, the Under-Secretary for Commerce. One look at little M. Meyer and you feel that he is eternally bristling with eagerness for a bout with some Goliath, his upstanding hair and ever-pricked ears helping on this impression. As a national politician, he is usually rather futile, being mostly engaged in lobbying against any government of which he is not a member. But as a local politician and Mayor of Havre, he has had, perhaps, more success than any man in France in keeping down the cost of living. So when M. Boret proposed to run up the cost of wheat in the interests of rural voters, M. Meyer almost jumped out of his back seat as an Under-Secretary and threatened to lay the

Agricultural Minister low with the full weight of the party. And, for once, the aggressive M. Meyer had the stars in his favour, as his job is to try to bring down living costs, and the Ministry obviously cannot afford to give the appearance of increasing them.

The Socialist Menace.—The Steeg Cabinet has also been given further cause for uneasiness by the decisions of the Socialists at their Paris conference. Hope had been expressed in the ministerial ranks that the Socialists would depart from their traditional policy of refusing to vote the credits for the army and navy. But the majority of the conference, composed of non-Deputies, was as firmly in favour of the tradition as ever and declined to make any concession. As the Ministry has no majority of its own and exists only by what is described as *soutien* from the Socialists, this means there will not be enough votes to carry the military credits unless the Deputies of the Right come to the Government's aid, sacrificing party for national interests. But should the Right want to turn the Government out, it is clearly within its power to do so by merely allowing the Socialists to indulge in a display of shop-window tactics. One has the feeling, however, that, for reasons best known to himself, M. Tardieu does not wish to turn out this Government just yet. In the end it may not require any turning out. It may just fall down from lack of substance.

Great Men of the War.—Three of the four who dominated France during the war have gone with the passing of Joffre. Gone Foch, Clemenceau, Joffre—there remains only M. Raymond Poincaré, now happily almost recovered from the severe illness which made France fear he would not survive. While the grand old Marshal was fighting his magnificent fight for life, it seems a pity that he could not have been made aware of the attitude of the French public, for, to him, this would surely have been the consolation he most desired for the rebuffs to which he had had to submit from politicians. Joffre liked to be well thought of by the common folk, and the whole people of France made it clear that, while they held Clemenceau and Foch in vast respect, they had for "Papa" Joffre a great and sincere affection.

The Truth about Cancer

By J. Ellis Barker

A FEW weeks ago the British Empire Cancer Campaign, a well-known and very important body, published a short book entitled: "The Truth About Cancer." It runs to 120 pages, is sold at 2s. 6d., is intended to be an authoritative and popular statement for the guidance of the masses of the people, and we are informed that it has been written by a strong committee of the best experts. In literature, as in so many other affairs, committees are at a great disadvantage. One cannot imagine a committee of painters painting jointly a picture of merit or a committee of composers producing a good symphony. The book is a dry, dreary and disappointing statement of the work done by cancer researchers and surgeons and it is seriously misleading. The Marquis of Reading, the chairman of the Grand Council of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, wrote enthusiastically in his foreword: "Nowadays there is far more reason for a hopeful outlook on cancer than there was 20 years ago." Nothing can be more inappropriate and more opposed to fact than this optimistic statement. This may be seen from the following official figures relating to England and Wales:

	Total Mortality.	Cancer Mortality.	Proportion of Cancer Deaths to all Deaths.
1908 - -	520,456	32,717	1 in 16
1928 - -	460,389	56,253	1 in 8

During the last 20 years surgeons, researchers and the health authorities have preached unceasingly through the Press the necessity of early operation in cases of cancer. Every doctor who sees a cancer case or a case which arouses in him the slightest suspicion of cancer immediately sends the patient to the surgeon, for he fears that he would be accused of grave professional neglect and incompetence if he had failed to do so. The number of cancer operations has increased prodigiously and almost unbelievably during the last 20 years, and the number of early operations and of early treatments by means of

radium, etc., has increased to an incredible extent. Nevertheless we find that the frantic attempts at fighting cancer in the orthodox way have been entirely useless, for whereas the mortality from all other diseases has greatly *decreased* during the period under review, the cancer mortality has *increased* by no less than 72 per cent. In 1908 only one death in every 16 was a death from cancer. In 1928, one death in every 8 was a death from cancer. It seems almost a mockery that the book mentioned, trying to minimize the cancer danger, tells us on page 15: "There is at birth an 8 to 1 chance *against* dying of cancer," and that "the average medical practitioner has only about two deaths from cancer per annum." One death out of every 8 is not a trifle but is terrific because cancer is a disease of advanced years. Of the people of advanced years 1 in 5 or 1 in 4 die of cancer, according to the age chosen, and if the increase in the cancer death rate continues, the mortality from cancer may in a few decades be greater than the mortality from all other diseases combined. It would therefore appear that orthodox cancer treatment, as practised at present, has not merely failed but has failed disastrously.

The official figures given above show that the relative cancer mortality has exactly doubled during the last 20 years. How, then, could Lord Reading write the misleading statement: "Nowadays there is far more reason for a hopeful outlook on cancer than there was 20 years ago?" One is bound to assume that Lord Reading was not acquainted with the figures when writing his foreword and that he accepted without hesitation the statements which were made to him by the representatives of orthodox, but unfortunately futile, cancer research and surgery. He could not possibly have written this sentence had he been aware that the relative cancer mortality has exactly doubled during the last 20 years and that there is nothing hopeful about the outlook, except from the point of view of those laboratory workers who trust, Micawber-like, that "something will turn up" from their hitherto utterly barren labours. Nothing can condemn modern methods of cancer research and cancer treatment more scathingly than the official figures given above, which are never

mentioned by those who extol early, radical surgical treatment of cancer as " the only cure."

The Ministry of Health has published a number of statistical monographs which purport to show that, in the most frequent forms of cancer, early operation or radium treatment leads to a cure in the majority of cases. Medical statistics issued by individual surgeons and by institutions, upon which these monographs are based, are unfortunately very untrustworthy. Surgeons and public institutions do not advertise their failures. Surgeons and public institutions report a prodigious percentage of cancer cures by operation, but their figures are contradicted by the statistics published by the Registrar-General and the corresponding authorities abroad. Unfortunately, the statistical period of cure has been arbitrarily chosen and is far too short. Hence a very large percentage of those who have been " officially cured " of cancer and who are paraded among the hosts of cured cases have actually died of that disease a little after the end of the theoretical cure period. There is a difference between being statistically cured and actually cured, and there is a difference between being statistically alive and actually dead.

In the concluding chapter of " The Truth About Cancer," we read the statement : " At first, cancer is a purely local disease and as such is amenable to treatment, if accessible." The words " if accessible " invalidate the argument in favour of early operation. The vast majority of cancerous tumours occur not in accessible sites where they may be discovered when they are still small, but in inaccessible quarters, such as the stomach, the bowel, the womb, etc., where their existence is discovered only when the growth is well advanced, for cancer is a painless growth at the beginning. Often the patient becomes suspicious of something being wrong only when in the course of months or of years the hidden tumour has grown large and interferes with the action of some organ or presses on a nerve, causing pain, or opens up a vein or artery, causing bleeding. Surface cancers, which can be dealt with at an early date, are comparatively rare. Moreover, the statement that " at first cancer is a purely local disease," which is at present

stoutly maintained by the majority of medical men, cannot be accepted as gospel truth, although surgical treatment is based on that assumption. For centuries many of the most eminent and of the most thoughtful physicians and surgeons, among them great celebrities, such as John Hunter, John Abernethy, and Sir James Paget, the greatest surgeons of their time, have emphatically expressed the opinion that cancer is not a local, but a constitutional, disease, and if it should indeed be a constitutional disease, then local treatment by the knife, cautery, radium, etc., is not "the only remedy" as we are told day by day. In fact, it may be that the fearful progress of cancer is due to our exclusive reliance on surgery for fighting the established disease. Possibly the prospects of fighting cancer would be better if we relied more on prevention which at present is absolutely disregarded by surgeons, researchers and physicians.

Cancer is treated as something unavoidable. Surgeons, physicians and men of science tell us day after day that they know nothing about cancer, that knowledge is only to come, and yet they assert in authoritative tones that cancer is unavoidable. "The Truth About Cancer" does not allude with a single word to the possibility of preventing cancer, and diet and methods of living are treated as if they were of no importance. The book states on page 24: "There is no shred of reliable evidence that consumption of, or abstinence from, any particular article of diet leads to the occurrence of cancer." There was a time when cholera, typhus, typhoid, malaria, yellow fever and many other diseases which slew men in millions were considered unavoidable, unpreventable, visitations of God. Before the time of Lister half the people operated upon in the hospitals died of lack of surgical cleanliness, but men of science gravely maintained that there was a specific disease called "hospital fever" which often slew 50 per cent. of the people on whom unimportant surgical operations were performed. Anti-sepsis and asepsis, mere commonsense cleanliness, as practised by the distinguished surgeon Lawson Tait who refused to adopt Lister's antisepsis, caused the complete disappearance of hospital gangrene and hospital fever. Something similar may happen in the fight against cancer

when medical men and the public in general refuse to believe any longer that cancer is inevitable, that it has nothing to do with our methods of living and that it can be fought only by those surgical treatments which are recommended to us as " the only cure," a cure which has lamentably and disastrously failed.

Doctors, surgeons and cancer researchers tell us almost unanimously that cancer is unavoidable. Only a few have ventured to dissent. However, the majority of medical men is not always right. The overwhelming majority of doctors and surgeons sneered in the beginning at the discoveries of Harvey, Pasteur, Lister, Koch, Semmelweiss, and refused for decades to use the clinical thermometer and the stethoscope. Doctors, surgeons and cancer researchers are not infallible. It may be that the increase in the cancer death rate is due to the mistaken energies and erroneous teachings of the researchers, surgeons and doctors.

For decades cancer researchers throughout the world have endeavoured to find a micro-organism responsible for the disease. They have not succeeded. The millions of pounds which have been spent on cancer research in this country and abroad have been wasted as regards practical results. Discovery of the responsible organism, if an organism is indeed responsible, need not lead to the discovery of a specific with which that organism can be destroyed. Since the time of Hippocrates, tuberculosis has been treated by fresh air, good food, rest, etc., although nothing was known about the causative organism. Half a century ago, Robert Koch discovered the micro-organism of tuberculosis, but although millions of pounds have been spent on tuberculosis research, no specific has been found which will destroy the bacillus of tuberculosis without doing grave harm to the tuberculous patient, and the disease is still treated in the main by fresh air, good food and rest, as in the times before Koch. If cancer is not a local disease, but is from the beginning a constitutional disease, which leads eventually to a local manifestation, then the present method of fighting cancer by the destruction of that local manifestation is by no means " the only cure," although surgery may be a cure in a considerable number of cases.

According to the authors of "The Truth About Cancer," the principal cause of the disease is a mystery. On page 119 are mentioned "predisposing causes, such as jagged teeth, ill-fitting dentures, broken clay pipes, tar, heavy petroleum oils, soot, arsenic, aniline dyes, gallstones, chronic inflammatory conditions and chronic ulcers, warts, moles and non-cancerous tumours." These so-called predisposing causes account of course only for a very small fraction of the cancer cases, provided they are actually pre-disposing. The assertion that warts and moles are causative of cancer and that they should be removed, though currently made, is too absurd to be taken seriously. Savages suffer to the most extraordinary extent from warts and moles. Yet savages hardly ever suffer from cancer. For centuries distinguished doctors and surgeons here and there have suggested that cancer may be due to our way of living and to our food, may be due to faulty living, thus endorsing the widely held belief of the common people that cancer has something to do with our food. There is no mystery about the causation of cancer. Plain common-sense may solve the cancer problem, which is a mystery only to those who look upon the disease from the point of view of the laboratory worker and of the surgeon. A few years ago, the Registrar-General published extremely interesting and important statistics regarding the mortality from the most important diseases among men engaged in the principal occupations and we find in this enlightening volume figures, such as the following, which I have extracted from its crowded columns:—

DEATH RATE FROM CANCER AMONG VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS.

Clergymen, priests, ministers	45
Agricultural labourers	54
Physicians, surgeons	70
Inn and hotel servants	102
Butchers	105
Seamen, merchant service	110
Brewers	125

The tremendous differences disclosed by these figures are truly startling. They are all the more startling as cancer is usually described to us as a disease of old age.

As clergymen and agricultural labourers are the most long-lived and as inn and hotel servants, butchers, seamen and brewers are among the most short-lived men, it logically follows that the cancer death-rate should be vastly greater among the long-lived clergymen and agricultural labourers than among the short-lived butchers, seamen and men connected with the drink traffic. However, the opposite is the case. If we allow for the age factor, it appears that the cancer mortality is, approximately, three times as high among butchers, seamen and workers in the drink trade as among clergymen and agricultural labourers. We can at once draw from these figures the conclusion that plain natural living is to a considerable extent a safeguard against cancer and the authors of the volume " The Truth About Cancer," instead of writing learnedly about epithelium, endothelium and all the technicalities of the laboratory and the operating theatre, should have drawn attention to these and similar figures and should have urged their readers : " If you wish to avoid cancer, live like clergymen or like agricultural labourers, but do not live like butchers, seamen and workers in the alcohol business." Unfortunately, such common-sense advice does not appeal to laboratory workers, whose attention is limited to the evidence of the microscope, test tube, animal experiments, etc., nor does it appeal to surgeons, who tell us that our only salvation lies in the timely destruction of the local manifestations of the disease, and who believe that only the knife, the cautery and ray treatment are of any use in fighting cancer.

Why is the mortality among butchers, seamen and workers connected with alcohol about three times as high as among clergymen and agricultural labourers? One would imagine that seamen, living an active life in fresh air, are particularly healthy men. Unfortunately, seamen greatly differ from agricultural labourers in this, that while land workers live principally on fresh, natural food, the open air workers of the sea live principally on devitaminised foods, on artificial, preserved, tinned and smoked provisions and they eat an abundance of meat. The English agricultural labourers are the poorest workers in the country. A large percentage live in

unsanitary conditions. The clergymen are almost as poor as agricultural labourers and they have large families. Hence, they are compelled to live simply and sparingly, and their professional duties compel them to take an abundance of walking exercise.

Laboratory specialists and surgeons attach no importance whatever to methods of living and to diet, but attach the greatest importance to the early discovery of cancerous growths and their immediate extirpation. If early discovery and drastic surgery were the best safeguards, the cancer mortality among doctors should be exceedingly low, for doctors can obtain, as a rule, surgical treatment and ray treatment gratuitously. The figures given show that the cancer mortality among physicians and surgeons is vastly greater than the cancer mortality among clergymen and agricultural labourers. It follows that expert knowledge of cancer is no safeguard against the disease, which has killed, to my personal knowledge, a large number of well-known cancer specialists. Advocates of prohibition may rashly conclude that alcohol is one of the principal causes of cancer.

There is no single cause for cancer. Broadly speaking, cancer is the penalty of faulty, unnatural living and of chronic poisoning. People who have absorbed arsenic, aniline and various other poisons during many years are apt to become victims of typical arsenic cancer, aniline cancer, etc., 20 years or so after the date when the process of poisoning began. Experimental cancers produced in animals by tar painting, etc., develop also with extreme slowness in periods equivalent to 20 years or so of human life. Cancer frequently follows repeated burns by X-rays and radium rays in 20 years or so. As all the well-known forms of cancer produce only in the course of many years the well-known tumour, it is fair to assume that the constitutional degeneration which eventually leads to the appearance of a cancerous growth requires, as a rule, a large number of years. Self-poisoning from the bowel, through habitual constipation, is extremely frequent among the civilized but not among savages and animals, and is apt to lead to the appearance of cancer in the bowel of the constipated. Cancer is a disease of middle-age and old-age because the process of degeneration which culmi-

nates in the cancer growth is extremely slow. Obviously, it will be better to avoid chronic poisoning during decades than to deal with the knife with the ultimate consequences of that poisoning.

Hundreds of eminent doctors and surgeons practising among the primitive races have reported that they have hardly ever seen cases of cancer among the natives, but that they have treated numerous cases of cancer among the white men living among the cancer-free natives. Among the primitive negroes of Africa cancer is practically unknown. Among the civilized negroes in the African coast towns and in the United States cancer is extremely frequent. The normally cancer-free African negroes lose their freedom from the disease as soon as they adopt the methods of living and the artificial foods of the white man. We may, therefore, conclude that cancer is a disease of civilization. It is most frequent where life is most artificial and least frequent where it is least artificial. In every country of the world the cancer mortality is vastly greater in the towns than in the agricultural districts, even if we make full allowance for the fact that sick people living in the country frequently go to the town hospitals and die there. In the English official statistics full allowance is made for this factor. Deaths are debited not to the places where they occur, but to the habitual places of residence.

Having studied the subject of cancer for many years, having written some books on the subject and having seen hundreds of cancer patients and having corresponded with thousands, it has become quite obvious to me that cancer is a disease of faulty living and of chronic poisoning. Heat acts like a poison. Extensive burns kill, not owing to shock, as was formerly thought, but owing to the poisons developed by the burning. If the skin of an extensively burned animal is promptly taken off, the animal will survive. If it is left on the animal, the animal will die, and if the burned skin is transplanted on an unburned animal, the unburned animal will die and the burned animal will live. Animals and savages do not touch over-hot food and drink. Their instinct warns them of the danger. Civilized people take food and drink at an extreme temperature. One can easily

swallow tea at 150 degrees, for the œsophagus, the swallowing tube, and the stomach have no pain nerves. The highest temperature we can stand in a hot bath is 105–110 degrees. Long-continued taking of food and drink at an extreme temperature is a frequent cause of cancer of the stomach, which yearly claims more than 10,000 victims in this country alone. I have seen scores of cases of stomach cancer and in every case I was told that the victim took food and drink at an incredibly high temperature. I have seen scores of cases of bowel cancer, and in every case I was told that the victim had suffered for decades from constipation and self-poisoning.

Formerly lung cancer was of the greatest rarity, unless cancer arising in another part of the body had spread to the lungs. Nowadays cancer beginning in the lungs, primary lung cancer, is exceedingly frequent. During a short number of years lung cancer has increased five times and ten times in certain towns. The terrifying increase of primary lung cancer may be, and probably is, due to the poisoning of the atmosphere with petrol fumes and tar fumes. With both tar and petrol cancer can be produced in experimental animals. Lung cancer is more frequent among men than among women, who have less to do with garages, and it frequently occurs in those who live over garages, as I know from cases who have come to me. The book "The Truth About Cancer" might have warned its readers against over-hot food and drink, chronic constipation, de-vitaminized food, motor fumes, etc. Such a warning could only have done good and could not possibly have done harm. Instead, its authors have described to us in full detail the activities of the laboratory men, microscopists, radiologists and surgeons. The reading of the volume will not prevent the occurrence of a single cancer case. It will not save a single life. Yet thousands might have been saved by a timely warning. Why was that warning not given?

If my assumption is correct that cancer is the penalty of faulty living, then it follows that the correction of faulty living ought to relieve, and possibly to save, cancer sufferers. The medical textbooks contain long and learned descriptions of the cancer process, of the

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microscopical findings, of the chemical changes, of the morbid anatomy of patients, etc., but they contain no information on the two most vital points. Every cancer sufferer, everyone who is afraid of cancer and every doctor wishes to know first how the disease is caused and secondly how it can be alleviated and treated. On the question of causation the cancer literature contains nothing that is of value. Such commonplace factors as constipation, over-hot food, faulty diet, etc., are considered beneath the attention of the learned laboratory workers and surgeons who are considered the only authorities on the subject. If a patient consults a doctor about a skin eruption, a boil or an abscess, the doctor will probably tell him: "Do not take any heating food. Keep your bowels open and live on cooling food and drink." If a patient, suffering from the worst form of eruption, boil or abscess, called cancer, consults a doctor, he is not given the same common-sense advice, but he is told: "Eat and drink what you like." Medical men—homœopathic physicians form an honourable exception—have no treatment for cancer and have no advice to give to the unfortunate sufferer, who is told: "Go home and make yourself as comfortable as you can and eat and drink what you like." The only treatment given consists in opium and morphia at the end, as may be seen by reading the book "The Truth About Cancer." Yet, it is possible to alleviate, and occasionally to cure, cancer cases by a wisely-chosen natural diet, bowel regulation, fresh air, etc., which raise bodily resistance to the utmost, and still further help can be given to the sufferers by those homœopathic medicines which are unknown to, and yet disdained by, orthodox medical men, who are satisfied to leave cancer sufferers to their fate. In the great textbooks of homœopathy hundreds of medicines useful in cancer are enumerated and described, and in the homœopathic literature hundreds of cancer cures may be found.

The medical profession is guided by the maxim "Cancer is incurable except by operation." That maxim is the surgeons' fatal gift to medicine. Surgeons cannot well express an opinion on the medicinal treatment of cancer because they do not treat cases medicinally.

To the cobbler there is nothing like leather and to the surgeon there is nothing like the knife. Orthodox cancer literature contains the description of hundreds of spontaneous natural cures of undoubted cancer. Dr. Rohdenburg published in the "Journal of Cancer Research," 1918, a detailed account of 302 cases of spontaneous cancer cures occurring in patients who were considered "inoperable and hopeless."

The maxim, "Cancer is incurable except by operation," is held to be incorrect by not a few surgeons. The well-known surgeon, Mr. Hastings Gilford, wrote in his great book "Tumours and Cancer":

> Though cancer is so commonly regarded as inevitably fatal, many cases are recorded of its "spontaneous" disappearance. There is hardly a doctor of average experience who has not seen that miracle happen.

Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, one of the most eminent surgeons of his time, demonstrated a number of spontaneous cancer cures, and stated in his Bradshaw Lecture, of 1910:

> Cancer, even when advanced in degree and of long duration, may get better, and does sometimes get well. *There is a cure of cancer apart from operative removal.*

Researchers and surgeons have utterly failed in the fight against cancer. That is proclaimed by the figures given at the beginning of this article, and it is high time that medical men should tackle the problem how to prevent a disease which cannot possibly be cured by the methods followed at present. Unless this is done, the relative cancer mortality may be doubled once more during the coming twenty years and civilization may be exterminated by *the disease of civilization.*

A Revolution in Railway Fares

(I) By Ernest Remnant
(II) By Herbert Birch

(I)

THE severe criticisms of the railways in the report of the Royal Commission on Transport and the threatened crisis over the companies' demands for long overdue reductions in wages have prompted me to republish the following article which first appeared in the ENGLISH REVIEW for July 1923. I have tried to get into touch with the author in order to give him an opportunity for revision in the light of subsequent developments, but without success. If he is still living, the present publication will no doubt come to his knowledge. I remember that in 1923 he disclaimed any intention to attempt to formulate precisely and in detail the best possible method of applying the principle of uniform fares, variable only in regard to comfort and speed. He was concerned only to urge the adoption of this "Post Office" or "telegraph" system of uniform charges to the railways. It is not, in fact, a new principle. We have had a "twopenny tube." New York has (or had, when I was last there) its uniform 5 cent fare which covered immense distances on its tramways. There is little doubt that if, instead of the uniform sixpenny (now shilling) telegram, distance rates had been originally devised as for the telephone, telegraph clerks would to this day have to consult reference books to calculate the charge for every telegram sent beyond the London area. When in due course the co-ordination of rail and road services has been completed by the railways' acquisition of substantial partnership in the motor omnibus companies, the problem will still remain of attracting passengers to fill a considerable proportion of the 80 per cent. of empty seats in the trains now actually run. Mr. Birch put the percentage of empty seats in 1921 at 83⅓. In other words, for every passenger carried six seats were on average provided. As, even so, trains are occasionally overcrowded, it follows that some must be almost empty.

A large part of the troubles of the railway companies is undoubtedly a legacy from the disastrous, however necessary, government control during the war, followed by the virtual dictation of conditions of wages and employment for political ends. Bare necessity is now compelling a determined effort to get back to economic equilibrium, strike or no strike. But, when all has been done in this direction, the managers must realize that Victorian methods no longer suffice to attract and hold public favour in face of competition. Their virtual monopoly in the past undoubtedly enabled them to cling to them longer than competitive businesses such as retail stores, hotels, restaurants, theatres, or newspapers. Once upon a time people presumably only bought things or did things when they were either obliged, or the spirit (their own spirit) moved them. Now the "psychology of selling" has monstrously developed advertising, mass suggestion, temptation by reduction of price and improvement of quality. The manufacturer must employ as much skill in manufacturing customers as the articles he sells them. There is little evidence of this modern attitude in the "selling departments" of the railways. They are still obsessed with the idea of "concessions" (favours) to the public. No business man makes concessions, except under compulsion, when they are not really concessions, or as tempting inducements calculated to benefit himself by increasing sales. In this sense obviously the week-end ticket, for instance, is an inducement to many to travel, or to travel more frequently, who otherwise would stay at home. For years the companies obstinately refused to restore the pre-war long week-end, Friday to Tuesday, and although some of them were willing, the group decision prevailed—a very definite instance of the result of eliminating competition.

While many of the excursion fares are cheap enough, ordinary fares mostly compare badly with more or less luxurious motor coaches and often seem absurdly high measured by other values as, for example, the cost of a room and meals for twenty-four hours in a good hotel in comparison with the price of a seat in a first-class carriage for an hour or two.

And yet the railways were the pioneers of the most

modern methods of attracting custom. Nearly a century ago they started cheap excursions and discovered that a full train may be more profitable at cheap fares than partially full at ordinary fares.

The railways would be well advised to make the word "facilities" instead of "concessions" the keynote of their appeal for public favour. And one of the chief elements in facility is uniformity and simplicity.

There is little doubt that the uniform fares advocated by Mr. Birch would have a magical effect upon the number of passengers using the railways. Nor *prima facie* is it apparent why, without being made too high to defeat their object, such fares should not be put upon an economic basis. It would be unnecessary to risk such a colossal revolution on the whole railway system of the country at once or even on the whole of one of the main systems. It might be limited to a suitable section for an experimental period.

Uniformity and simplicity might with immense advantage be applied also to the time-tables. It is impossible, for instance, to travel on the Southern Railway along the Kent coast through Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington and Westgate to Thanet without realizing that, when the line is electrified, that coast is destined to become, not only a holiday resort, but one of the dormitories of London. That day will be nearer when, the physical difficulties having been overcome (and, if costly, they are not insuperable), the present time-table is abolished and a fast train—first stop, say, Whitstable—runs every hour, with stopping trains at the half or quarter hours.*

Only in its uniformity of charge does the Post Office system demand study by the railways. In other respects its red-tape, unimaginative methods would be fatal to a restoration of that popularity which has been won by the London and many other road passenger services. Prosperity and popularity can only be recovered together. Without courage and imagination they will be irrecoverable.

* Since writing this, I see the S.R. have announced their intention of providing such a service to Brighton.

(II)*

THE position in which the railways of this country find themselves to-day could never have been anticipated by traffic experts. At enormous cost, during some three-quarters of a century, the United Kingdom (and especially England) had been covered with a network of railways, equipped with the best material and administered by a highly trained body of men. So long as competition was limited to horse-drawn road traffic, or to somnolent canal traffic, the railways had nothing to fear, and they contented themselves with improvements and economies which effected mere decimals of revenue or saving. By skilfully playing into one another's hand, the greater companies secured themselves against internal competition which might lead to any lowering of charges.

This was the position twenty years ago, when a new rival appeared in the form of the rubber-tyred motor vehicle propelled by internal combustion engines. The day on which the last man-in-advance stood aside and furled his red flag was an ominous one for the railways. It meant that the King's high roads were once more to come into their own, and were in future to compete in greater and greater degree for a large and valuable share of the inland transport of the country. This road competition is but in its infancy. How can the railways with their expensive iron roads, constructed through lands acquired at heavy cost, compete with economically operating vehicles, using the existing excellent highways, and later on the new great arterial roads now being built at public expense, towards which, *miserabile dictu*, the very railway companies themselves are, as ratepayers, large contributors?

Every additional motor vehicle licensed to use our national highways is a fresh thread spun for the railway shroud, unless some man of imagination arises able to grasp the situation and by acting boldly to retrieve the dangerous position.

One thing is perfectly certain—the only sure road to a renewal of railway pre-eminence is the better serving of the public. The public to-day seeks to travel and would do so, far and often, if only the fare inducements

* By Herbert Birch (ENGLISH REVIEW, July, 1923).

were sufficiently attractive. It is not that there are not the trains, or the seats. No additional accommodation needs (on the average) to be provided. In 1921 (the latest complete returns published) the number of seat-miles run (that is the train miles multiplied by the number of seats in an average train) was about 84,000,000,000 miles, but the number of passenger-miles was only about 13,000,000,000; in other words, only one in every six available seats was occupied.

Had it been possible for all the trains to be completely filled throughout their entire journeys, either six times the number of passengers might have been carried, or the actual number carried six times the distance. Such a supposition is, of course, absurd, as trains must have ample working seat-margin; but surely a margin of 6 to 1 is equally absurd. The actual distances travelled by passengers are officially known, as also are the bookings to and from principal stations.

The London Traffic Report (1906) states that railway traffic divides itself into three distinct classes :—

(*a*) Short distance traffic, 1 to 12 miles.
(*b*) Medium distance, 12 to 30 miles.
(*c*) Long distance, over 30 miles.

For short distance traffic, all our large cities and an increasingly large number of towns now offer cheaper road facilities. (The writer lives seven miles from London, and for nearly two years has always travelled by tram or motor 'bus, usually paying only 2d. each way.) For pleasure traffic, mainly, there are also, in ever-increasing numbers, cheap road facilities extending far beyond 30 miles.

What are the railways to do? Lord Ashfield, whose railway management is unfortunately limited to the short systems of metropolitan electric railways, has clearly indicated a policy which, expressed in half a dozen words, is " Cultivate the long distance traffic." But, is this done? It is not the object of this article to discuss minor points of method, but to submit a plain and simple remedy; so plain and so simple, that, like Naaman, when told to bathe in the River Jordan, railway administrators " turn away "—not perhaps " in a rage," but sceptically, and will not even trouble to investigate and discuss the proposal.

The position may be shortly put thus :—

(1) That a given annual revenue is required.

(2) That a given number of passengers will produce that revenue.

(3) That passengers travel known given distances.

It follows, therefore, that it is immaterial to the railway companies how much each individual passenger pays or how the fare is assessed, so long as the required revenue is obtained. Various methods have from time to time been suggested, such as zone rates—i.e. so much for 5, 10, 20, 30 miles and so on, but in this country, at any rate, that method is impracticable.

In 1917, a booklet styled " Penny Railways," advocating payment by speed, was published by the writer, dealing fully with the whole subject. The title was not felicitous, for obviously higher fares than a uniform penny were to be obtained. Though by that system a passenger would be able to travel any distance by slow trains for one penny, the time occupied by the sequence of penny trains necessary for a long journey would be so great that practically nobody could afford to do so.

The method of charge here (as then) advocated is perfectly practicable. Sir Henry Thornton (to this country now, alas ! a lost live-wire) said it was " a most attractive proposal "; Lord Aberconway, Chairman of the Metropolitan Railway, said he thought it should be examined. Not a single railway official has as yet challenged it, though invited to do so; the only expert criticism so far being that it would involve rearrangement of platform methods.

Under this system there would be three classes of train, " a " slow, " b " medium fast, and " c " express. The slow " a " train would cater for the short distance traffic: the medium fast " b " train would skip small stations and cater for the medium distance traffic; the express " c " train would exclusively cater for long distance traffic.

A passenger would be able to travel a continuous journey any distance by one or more " a " trains at a single " a " fare, and in the same manner by one or more " b " trains at a single " b " fare, and by one or more " c "

trains at a single " c " fare, with the right of exchanging *en route* from a slower into a faster class of train on paying the higher class of fare. Though very long distances might be travelled in either of the slower trains, the serious delays owing to having to change and wait fresh connections would effectually check any appreciable use of such tickets in that manner: there would be no real economy.

Now as to fares. In 1921, about 1,820,000,000 passengers were carried, the revenue derived being £88,953,000. Of these passengers it is officially known that no less than 70 per cent. travelled only 1–12 miles; about 20 per cent. travelled 12–50 miles, and only about 10 per cent. travelled longer distances. Yet 90 per cent. of the revenue was derived from this 10 per cent. It is, therefore, clear that *one* long-distance passenger is worth ten or a dozen short-distance passengers. In the case of a railway, as of an hotel, the whole system has to be maintained in full operation, whether passengers travel or not; therefore, nothing is saved if passengers are not forthcoming, and no appreciable extra cost would be put on the railways were their coaches to be better filled.

What, therefore, are the lowest rates which would satisfy the required conditions? The following scale of fares based on the present rate for the minimum mileage of each of the three classes (namely, 1d. and 2d. for the " a," 1s. 6d. and 2s. for the " b," and 6s. and 10s. for the " c " class) would be ample :—

Trains.		Number of Passengers.		Fares.	Revenue.
					£
(*a*) Slow trains, 1–12 miles	70%	Ord.	1,150,000,000	1d.	4,791,600
		First	124,000,000	2d.	1,033,400
(*b*) Medium fast, 12–50 miles	20%	Ord.	304,000,000	1s. 6d.	22,800,000
		First	60,000,000	2s. 0d.	6,000,000
(*c*) Express trains, above 50 miles	0%	Ord.	152,000,000	6s. 0d.	45,600,000
		First	30,000,000	10s. 0d.	15,000,000
	100%		1,820,000,000		£95,225,000
Passengers and Revenue 1921			1,820,000,000		£88,953,000
			Gain in Revenue		£6,272,000

Another great advantage to the railway companies would be a considerable economy in administration.

Only six different tickets (1d., 2d., 1s. 6d., 2s., 6s., and 10s.) would be needed, and they might be also obtainable in booklets and at slot machines. Excursion, season, week-end, market, and return tickets would all be abolished as the ordinary fares would be so cheap. Children's half-fare tickets might operate in the "b" and "c" classes, but certainly not in the short-distance "a" class. All passengers would thus be carried on an equal footing of charges.

A passenger travelling a long distance would, as at present, take a fast (or medium) train to the nearest point, and then change into the next slower train serving his station. This would cost him his original fare of 6s. or 10s., or 1s. 6d. or 2s., only according to the trains used. Naturally, the railway management would always consider the financial effect when adjusting the time running and connections of trains.

It must be remembered that the great bulk of short-distance (1–12 miles) traffic is close around the great urban centres. In 1921 the London Tubes, Urban Electric, and other Suburban Railways, alone accounted for no less than 911,996,000 passengers, or more than half the entire United Kingdom total! Though there would undoubtedly be passengers who would travel beyond 12 miles for 1d. and beyond 50 miles for 1s. 6d., they would be a negligible proportion of the total number.

There can be no doubt that were people able to travel to attractive resorts or to visit friends and relatives long distances away at very cheap fares, long-distance passengers would enormously increase in number, and from being but 10 per cent. would probably become 15 per cent. or 20 per cent. of the entire number. This would enable a further reduction of such fares, which, in turn, would further stimulate long-distance travel.

Every long-distance passenger removed out of the category of the "a," or short-distance class, relieves urban pressure, and, were a large reduction in that class to be thus brought about, the revenue would on balance be the gainer.

In conclusion, a word must be said as to congestion of population. The system here advocated for passengers might equally well be applied to goods of every

description, and were a manufacturer, trader, or farmer no longer handicapped by distance, the whole situation would be eased; land at present derelict would be profitably occupied, and the tendency to concentration checked. But it is not, however, possible to deal here with the vexed subject of goods' rates.

Payment *by speed* is scientific. We all have but one life to live. An hour saved is an hour gained. People will always pay to save *time;* hence the telegraph, the telephone, and the express-letter service, and now the aeroplane. It has always been the method of the Post Office to charge, by speed; it pays to do so. By post, a card or letter is carried from Land's End and delivered at John o' Groats for 1d. or 1½d.; a parcel for little more. Distance does not affect the charges. If speed is desired the communication becomes a telegram, which may be transmitted and delivered anywhere in the kingdom for 1s. Yet the Post Office has to collect and deliver and bear not merely the cost of transit, but also the cost of several handlings and sortings. The human passenger, however, " collects " and " delivers " himself.

The reason why the Post Office can very profitably collect, sort and deliver, and pay for railway conveyance is because the requisite organized machinery is always in full operation.

So is it in the case of the railways, who have the economic advantage that their human freight or " living letters " look after themselves. By this " revolution in railway fares " the railway companies would effectually trump their competitors' cards and securely win the game.

The recent grouping of the railways—a long step towards their unification—renders the change here advocated easy, and it at any rate deserves full consideration by the administrative authorities and by Parliament.

"For Ways That are Dark"

By J. O. P. Bland

WHEN Bret Harte described the heathen Chinee, fifty years ago, as peculiar for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, he had in mind the only type of Celestial he knew, viz. that immigrant to the goldfields of California who had lost many of his native virtues by contact with the Caucasian. Had he ever had occasion to observe his primordial yellow brother in his own habitat, he would probably have discovered, as many of us have done, that his ways are really no darker than those of any other species of the human race. Bret Harte's portrait of Ah Sin bears, in fact, unwitting testimony to the ready adaptability of the Chinese, and, at the same time, to the demoralizing effect of the white man's civilization upon their morals and manners. Moreover, it is to be observed that Ah Sin, like all his fellow-countrymen on the Pacific Coast, was a Cantonese, and if Bret Harte had ever lived in China, he would never have based his general indictment of the whole race on the character of those slim and restless southerners.

These reflections are inspired by the fact that another very different and equally misleading estimate of the Chinese as a race has lately come to be very generally accepted, once more as the result of America's superficial observation of the type of Chinese which now frequents the United States. Ah Sin has gone, with Roaring Camp, but the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges, and, to-day, his descendants, Jefferson Ping and Wellington Pong, are to be found at every American University, and wherever the "highbrows" forgather, playing the game of international politics with all the fertility of resource which Ah Sin brought to that of euchre. They are more than a match, in the matter of finesse, for the best brains of Caucasian diplomacy, and adepts at concealing the Pea of Truth under the Thimble of Illusion. As easily as Ah Sin mastered and elaborated the intricacies of euchre, they have acquired the patter of international pacifism and can reel you off pontifical theses, of the kind in vogue at Washington or Geneva, as impressively as any Harvard professor. They play golf, dance in tuxedos to

the strains of jazz, take high degrees in their stride, and whenever occasion offers, discourse eloquently of racial equality, the emancipation of women, the evils of the opium trade, and whatnot. And the western world, hugging its pet delusions, persists in regarding these intellectual exotics as fair samples of the general mentality and morality of the Chinese people, and deals with them accordingly. Like Bret Harte, it ignores the all-important truth, to which I referred above, that the Oriental who comes under the influence of the white man's civilization becomes thereby demoralized. This influence is never sufficient to prevent him from reverting, sooner or later, to type; so long as it prevails, however, he moults, so to speak, his native plumage and divests himself of those native qualities and virtues which make the Chinese, in their own land, so lovable and admirable a race. That European sophistication is bad for the soul of the East is a simple truth which needs, I think, no demonstration. It confronts the traveller, self-evident and undeniable, at every turn of the road, from Tokyo to Mandalay, from Calcutta to Canton. It is equally undeniable, though less conspicuous at close range, in the semi-westernized type of Oriental which emerges from English and American Universities, or from the educational establishments of missionary societies in China.

Throughout the two centuries of our direct intercourse with the Chinese, there has never been a time when the character of the race, with its infinite capacity for stoic endurance of tyrannous misrule, has been more pathetically revealed than it is to-day; never a time, when the dominant morality of the educated ruling class (outcome of a social system so rigid that it leaves no scope for altruism) has asserted itself with such cynical indifference to the pitiful sufferings of the common people. Moreover, thanks to the indefatigable propaganda conducted by the agents of that ruling class abroad, there has never been a time when the permanent causes and results of that dominant morality were so generally misinterpreted and misunderstood. For the last twenty years, China has been at the mercy of this or that group of political adventurers, ravaged and plundered by their hireling soldiery, bled white by their tax-gatherers and compulsory loans.

The only oases of equity and order to be found in all the desert of desolation which they have made, the only places where life and property are still fairly safe from the hand of the spoiler, are the Treaty Port Settlements, protected by the armed forces of the Powers, and the Manchurian provinces, secure and prosperous under the Pax Japonica. All this vast country has been thus ruthlessly devastated, for the sole benefit of a handful of war-lords and politicians, most of whom have amassed great wealth and placed it in security abroad. I remember being told, ten years ago, by one who had been Prime Minister of China, that the private fortunes of some twenty men who had fought or bought their way to high office since the Revolution would then suffice to pay off the whole of China's foreign debt; and the opportunities for "squeeze" on the grand scale exploited by these men were far less lucrative than those enjoyed by the present-day leaders of the Kuomintang at Nanking. These are the broad facts of the situation, incontestable: yet the collective intelligence of Europe and America, misled by the skilful propaganda of Young China's intellectuals and by its own idealism, heeds them not, and continues to proclaim its benevolent sympathy for the patriotic aspirations of these lords of misrule. The attitude of patient conciliation which it has adopted towards them savours, indeed, of servility. Press, pulpit and peace societies, in their enthusiasm for the fashionable ideals of democracy and pacifism, have combined to create a most effective smoke-cloud of delusion about present-day China, and especially about the modern-type mandarin, the slim intellectual who memorizes the conventional jargon of political idealism as readily as his ancestors memorized the Confucian classics. As a result, public opinion in this country with regard to the Far East is on the whole less accurately informed now than it was in the days of the East India Company, a hundred years ago. Our Board-schools and our broadcasters have made fetiches of formulæ and creeds of catchwords, and distribute them wholesale to the rising generation. Demos, arrived at man's estate, has all his thinking done for him by a standardized Press and the orthodox oracles of Savoy Hill. What wonder, then, if his mind responds

automatically to the mass suggestion of a slogan? It is more manifestly true to-day than when Robert South wrote that "the generality of mankind is wholly and absolutely governed by words and names, without, nay for the most part even against, the knowledge men have of things."

But to return to our muttons. The whole record of our relations with China since the Washington Conference bears convincing testimony to the success with which the lineal descendants of Ah Sin have "put it across" the political idealists of Geneva and Downing Street. One or two specific instances may serve, however, to show how wide is the gulf which divides the green pastures of the sentimental theorists from the stony road of reality. The most notable example of collective gullibility displayed by Europe in general, and England in particular, has been the treatment of the opium traffic. Even in the days of the Manchus, the mandarinate never ceased in its endeavours to persuade England, through the medium of the missionary societies, to put an end to the Indian opium trade. Its proclaimed purpose was the highly moral one of abolishing all traffic in the noxious drug, but the real object in view, as many competent observers then pointed out, was to secure a mandarin monopoly of traffic in the native-grown article, freed from all foreign competition. Having by dint of continuous agitation, eliminated the Indian trade, China's official propagandists proceeded to explain that she could not hope to suppress the native opium business unless the Powers conceded tariff autonomy. This having been achieved (and with it a large increase of revenue for the party in power at Nanking), all pretence of any intention to sacrifice the vastly lucrative opium monopoly was abandoned, except in official documents for consumption abroad. The Opium Suppression Bureau is now working without concealment, as the Government's chief agency for the promotion and control of the traffic. "All up and down the Yangtsze," wrote a reliable correspondent some weeks ago, "the movement of opium is quite open. Foreign shipping masters know that it is being carried in their vessels; so do the Customs outdoor men; but neither dare interfere, literally for the sake of their lives." So the traffic grows and thrives; in more

than one province, farmers are compelled to plant a proportion of their land with poppy. Nor is opium the only drug that serves to fill the mandarin's coffers. A few months ago the League of Nations Advisory Committee had its attention drawn to the fact that the Chinese Minister for the Interior, in 1928, had issued a permit to an individual chemist for the importation of *four tons* of heroin; and other similar cases might be cited. Nevertheless, the business of deluding public opinion abroad proceeds as briskly as the opium trade itself. The Nanking Suppression Bureau has recently issued a list of drastic regulations, purporting to prevent the importation of opium into China by foreign steamers and aeroplanes. At the same time, it has directed the provincial authorities to give their special attention to opium smuggling by foreigners, and to furnish the head office with the photographs of foreign smugglers, etc., for communication to the League of Nations at Geneva. The League, no doubt, will be suitably impressed, and continue, as before, to devote its benevolent activities to furtherance of the Nanking Government's purposes. Its spokesmen will continue to "tell the world" from Savoy Hill that the Government at Nanking is in the hands of civilians, reformers all, and on the high road of progress. Has it not recently given widespread publicity and a promise of co-operation to Nanking's elaborate programme of measures for the prevention of seaborne epidemic diseases, and for the organization of a national public health service? Yet everyone in China knows that this imposing scheme has no more solid basis of reality than the Kuomintang's Disarmament Conferences, and that its primary objective is to secure a footing for the Kuomintang's officials in the unplundered area of the Foreign Settlements.

Again, the modern-type mandarin's skill in acquiring "face" at the expense of the confiding Caucasian was notably manifested last year, when H.M. Government agreed to send a Naval Mission to China for the purpose of assisting her to organize a national navy. No one with any knowledge of the actual conditions of China's financial and military administration could have taken this scheme seriously, though Parliament was expected to do so. On the Chinese side, it was

obviously one of several similar gestures, impressive but empty, which rely for their success upon the sentimental optimism or the short memory of those to whom they are addressed. On the British side, it remains inexplicable, because, in the light of repeated experience, it is manifestly futile. The Nanking Government does not possess the means or the men, even if it had the intention, to organize a modern navy, nor is it conceivable that any British adviser could prevent whatever ships they might acquire from following the example of their predecessors and placing their guns at the disposal of the highest bidder among the rival factions. The national navy, like the national budget which was to be framed with the advice of American experts, is merely a phantom of the mandarin mind, the baseless fabric of an imposing edifice of make-believe, skilfully designed to create a world-wide impression of enlightened and progressive administration, and thus to justify China's claim to rank on a footing of equality with the powers of Christendom. To gain "face" by the profession of laudable intentions has ever been a fundamental principle of the art of government in China, which has found expression in Imperial Edicts from time immemorial; but, for the purpose of beguiling the unsophisticated foreigner, it has been brought to a remarkable degree of effectiveness under the westernized section of the Kuomintang, as the result of an elaborate technique of publicity and intensive propaganda. By this means it has successfully exploited the western world's sentiments of pacifism, its sympathy for the ideals of self-determination and racial equality, and the obvious reluctance of the Treaty Powers to defend their just rights at the cost of military adventures. In achieving these ends, the westernized mandarin has displayed the same supple adaptability which Ah Sin brought to bear when gambling with the Californian miners. The final discomfiture of that taper-fingered intellectual was due to the fact that the other parties in the game, though simple souls, were not disposed to be deceived. If his modern prototypes have so far succeeded in "getting away with it," it is chiefly because our political "highbrows" are apparently only too willing, for the preservation of their own "face," to be convinced of the reality of the thing which is not.

Taxation and the Land

By Nelson Rooke

By far the most vital matters for immediate consideration, undoubtedly, are unemployment, taxation and agriculture.

The present Government's policy of greater public expenditure, heavier taxation and larger appropriations of private capital in the form of death duties indicates very clearly that the course which they have chosen is the reckless one and that caution has gone by the board. For agriculture they have, after considerably more than a year of office, produced no policy at all comparable with its needs. As stated in THE ENGLISH REVIEW in June, the attempt to alleviate unemployment by increased expenditure on relief schemes—with attendant heavier taxation—has proved a failure and at least one public commission has pointed out the fallacy of such expedients.

It is logical to assume, and past experience has shown, that if the practice is reversed, by relieving private enterprises and industries generally of some of the burdens of imperial and local taxation, they will develop more rapidly and extensively, and consequently will employ in greater numbers.

Quite apart from such wide and important issues as safeguarding and Imperial Preference, the political party which chooses to be the first to initiate really seriously the reduction of expenditure and the easing of the weight of taxation under which trade is struggling certainly will be the first to earn the credit for diminishing the numbers of the unemployed.

It is not the present Government alone which has spent too freely. The habit of public extravagance took its grip upon our national system during the war. Then, undeniably, there was excuse; but, like the taking of certain drugs during an emergency, the practice must cease immediately the need is over, or the results will be disastrous. Apart from a few unheroic attempts to throw off this thrall of spending, no Government since the war has realized its responsibility in this direction—or its opportunities. Each, successively, appears to have

thought that public support was to be bought by public spending, and the public itself has even now barely realized what it is losing for the "mess of pottage" termed "temporary relief."

Every man's birthright should be the opportunity to work in the capacity for which he is most fitted; yet, willing and capable as they may be, hundreds of thousands in Great Britain are deprived of this simple right, largely through failure on the part of their legislators to realize and apply the elementary principles of public economy and low taxation.

Urban populations, no doubt, are suffering most, and it is for them to see at once that their hope lies in a recovered industry and that industry *cannot* recover unless both public spending and taxation are reduced. It will not help their case if, to the already crowded ranks of unemployed in the cities, flock workless agriculturists.

Such, though, is the effect of the direct attack, in the shape of taxation, which is being made upon agricultural land by the present Government, both generally and in particular in its present Finance Act.

Perhaps agriculturists have been too uncomplaining, or perhaps, like their predecessors when invaded by William the Conqueror, they have lacked combination and are now to suffer for their independence. Whatever the reasons, the fact remains that they have fallen too easy a prey to the depredations of a party, not only out of sympathy with their interests, but intent upon replenishing its overspent coffers at the expense of a class from which the minimum of resistance may be expected.

There may not be absent, too, from the minds of members of this party the thought of a gesture to urban millions, of whom, from their numbers and greater solidarity, the Government stands in greater awe; in fact, the offering of Agricultural Landownership as a sacrifice, which they hope may be a popular one.

This attempt is a belittlement of the intelligence and enlightenment of the countrymen's fellow-workers of the town. Those who dwell in towns now know the importance of agriculture; that it is not only one of the nation's greatest industries, by test of numbers employed, but vital in times of national emergency. The War taught nothing more terribly important than the need for well-cultivated

fields and full folds in this country. The grim fact of scarce food and the threatening spectre of famine will not be forgotten by those who knew 1914 to 1918.

There are thus at least two grave reasons, affecting townsmen as well as countrymen, against taxing agricultural estates out of existence:—

1. The employment of as many of our workers as possible on the land.

2. Having available in our own country as large as possible reserves of home-grown foods.

To add to the already heavy burdens upon agricultural land the final straws of Sections 34 to 38 of the Finance Act will be further to crush the attainment of these two objects. Capital in agricultural land is fundamentally the same as in any other industry; it is necessary for its financing. Remove capital from *any* industry and its efficiency must suffer in consequence.

Country landowners have been content for generations to find the capital represented by land and its equipment at a lower rate of interest than is usually obtained in most other industries. Farmers have accepted willingly the basis that they shall enjoy the use of this capital at low interest rates, and that they in their turn shall invest further capital in such more liquid forms as livestock, implements and manures. Agricultural workers, too, accept (in addition, of course, to wages) the use of such part of this capital as lies in their cottages and gardens.

The arrangement has stood the test of time. It may have imperfections and has had varying degrees of success, but until something equally good or better has been devised for its replacement, it will be at their own and their country's peril, should a Socialist or any other Government sweep it away.

Slow, perhaps, in the past, to commercialize their undertakings, agricultural landowners have been content to take their small return and to nurse their estates, to the advantage of all engaged upon them. They have borne with remarkably little complaint their share and more of taxation. A time came when a number could afford to do so no longer. Some of those took their capital out of the land and invested it elsewhere—possibly much of it in undertakings in other countries. The resultant break-up and decline in efficiency of such pro-

perties have been seen by all, up and down the country.

Other rural landowners, in a final attempt to continue what they considered to be their obligations to farm tenants and workers upon their estates, followed the practice of industrialists of the towns, formed private companies and transferred thereto their interests in their businesses—their lands and various forms of ownerships.

They did this in an attempt to modernize the administration of their properties and to place their undertakings upon a more up-to-date footing. While not attempting to shirk any reasonable and equitable demands by the Exchequer, they had in view, naturally, the effect of such reorganization upon the amount of taxation to be borne by the land, and upon the extent of the capital confiscations coming within the term " death duties " which the estates would have to suffer.

The former levy (taxation) often had no proper relation to the net amount received by the proprietor; while the latter (payments of death duties) are chance occurrences, sometimes happening in quick succession, causing financial disaster to the owner and loss of security to farmer and worker alike.

It seems that it is now to be in vain that those having capital in land have taken the business-like course. They who would have held together their estates and the staffs of workers employed upon them are not to be encouraged or even allowed to do so. There is to be a differentiating law between the able business men who keep their capital in land and distribute revenue therefrom in rural wages and the equally capable capitalists concerned with any other forms of undertaking. The latter may transfer their business interests to companies and secure the advantages which the Companies Acts intended they should enjoy, while the former, because—*and only because*—their businesses comprise land, are now to be specially excluded from the provisions of those same Companies Acts, which were meant just as much for them, and with no such invidious distinctions as the Chancellor of the Exchequer now seeks to impose. The sections of the new Finance Act, already referred to, isolate very definitely the business of landownership and administration from every other form of business undertaking in matters of company law and public taxation.

Whereas shares in businesses other than that of landownership will be valued for death duties, having regard to their income yield as well as their security, shares in a private company representing interests in land are not to be valued simply on the share or income basis, but the land itself may be valued upon the old and often unfair and unbusinesslike basis of a fixed annual value and a definite number of "years' purchase." This method uses the statutory "net annual value" which exists for income tax purposes (and which almost invariably, is higher than the actual net *income*), and multiplies it by an arbitrary figure. The result often gives no real indication of capital value, the accepted test for which in most other businesses is (in addition, of course, to the "safety" factor) the net amount it will yield, plus any element of capital appreciation which may exist. In the case of agricultural land, the latter feature usually is negligible.

Similarly, for purposes of tax, "a net annual value" is the basis, and certain statutory deductions are allowable; but, while in most business companies a hundred-and-one deductions are legitimate and proper, before a net taxable dividend is declared, deductions allowable for land and, it seems, for landed companies, are restricted to certain statutory ones only.

In fact land and landownership are not to be encouraged to "rationalize," though that is the catchword which is to perform feats of alchemy for industry generally.

That the provisions of the Companies Acts contemplated no such distinctions is made clear by the fact that the Inland Revenue authorities have for years accepted large sums in registration fees, *ad valorem* duties and stamp duties, in respect of the incorporation of landed estates, companies and the transactions attending such operations. There is no doubt as to the *bona fides* of such registrations. Had there been, would they have been accepted at Somerset House when tendered?

The motives for this singling out for attack are not based on reason, business principles, law or equity. They are those of a party happening for the moment to be in power, which has shown hostility to landownership and which feels it necessary to give tangible effect to its views while opportunity lasts. The pity of it is that in doing so they appear to lose sight of consequences. Were they

to injure only their *bêtes noires,* agricultural landowners, all might not be so bad; but from the very nature of the circumstances, landowners as a class are likely to suffer the least, while farmers and agricultural workers are bound to be most seriously affected.

To begin with, the owner of the land may, if forced, adopt the principle (repugnant to his best nature—otherwise why has he suffered so long?) of "sauve qui peut." He may remove his capital from land and place it at better interest, where it will give him little further bother and infinitely fewer responsibilities.

Farmers, on the contrary, can rarely detach their capital and interests from the soil without a risk of loss too grave to consider. They must remain in their farms, or go under, and, if compelled by circumstances, they must go in deeper still. They must buy their holdings if their owner sells—or give them up. If they buy, they must, as a rule (since reserves built up, perhaps during the war years, have long since disappeared), use capital which should be in livestock, implements, crops and manures for purchasing freehold and permanent equipment. They must do this, or borrow the money and mortgage their newly-acquired farms. Whichever they do, they will, it will be found, be paying some 5 per cent. for the use of land, house, buildings and permanent equipment, which had cost them 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent. under the old system.

Handicapped by this initial financial disadvantage, they will find it increasingly difficult to cultivate their farms so efficiently as formerly and to employ so full a staff of labourers as they once did. Added to this, they will find it almost impossible to comply with their new obligation to keep the house, buildings, drains, etc., in a proper state of insurance and repair—a duty formerly falling to their landlords. Therefore, less farm-workers, masons, carpenters, drainers and plumbers will be employed. Further workers to be dispensed with will be the "amenity" staffs—gamekeepers, gardeners, grooms and household servants, who found employment, homes and wages when owners were resident on their estates. None of these employees under the old regime was forgotten when age or infirmity came their way. They and their dependants rarely, in the past, have

looked in vain to the head of the estate for accommodation and support. Pensions and safe retirements have followed, as a matter of course, lives of service for the estate's welfare.

Can all these things continue? In proportion as fresh impositions are heaped upon landed estates, they most certainly must come to an end. Not merely a few, but innumerable instances from every part of the country can be given of landowners giving up the unequal struggle and parting with their properties. A common sequence of events then is:—

1. A speculator buys the whole estate at an "upset" price.

2. The purchaser "lots" the estate and offers it for resale piecemeal.

3. Estate employees, perhaps 50 or 100 or more of them on any one estate, are given notice to leave both their occupations and their homes.

4. Farm tenants are forced to buy their holdings or leave them—those who cannot raise the capital *must* leave.

5. Home farms are sold, and leading pedigree studs, flocks and herds (highly important to the prosperity of British agriculture) are dispersed.

6. Parks and woodlands are felled and, in all probability, not replanted.

7. Mansions are closed and these considerable sources of employment, local spending and contribution to innumerable charities are removed.

8. Many who have lost their posts drift to the cities to try to find fresh jobs.

9. Local and imperial taxation (i.e. the general body of taxpayers) has to take up the burden, once uncomplainingly shouldered by the landowners, of supporting the many who cannot find fresh employment or are no longer capable of working.

The consistent ignoring of these things on the part of those responsible for governing is so grave that one wonders whether the charitable view that it is due to their lack of understanding is not an error. It compels one to suspect that actually it is an attempt by them to trade upon what they believe is the ignorance of town-

dwellers upon rural matters, in order to foster support for legislation aimed at the destruction of a particular class, blind to the greater harm done not only to agricultural workers, but to everyone in the kingdom.

If the Socialist Government had an alternative system to replace and supersede that of landlord, tenant and worker, which has for so long kept Great Britain pre-eminent as an agricultural country, their policy of taxing out of existence agricultural landlords might command attention; but they offer none. They can destroy, but they do not appear to have the skill or even the wish to rebuild. Not even Nationalization, their avowed principle, is to be applied in substitution. If it were, what an opportunity offers for acquiring land instead of cash in payment of death duties upon agricultural properties!

They decline land—and demand cash. Land is capital and yields low interest. They want cash, which, though still capital, they can use for current expenditure.

Their own principles, it seems, are forgotten, to say nothing of the fundamental business rule of retaining capital *as* capital and using only income for day-to-day expenditure.

But the fact is that Nationalization is unlikely to be a satisfactory solution to the land problem. County Council smallholdings' schemes are difficult to administer with any degree of success, even with the considerable amount of support from imperial funds and the free services of the many practical experts serving on their committees.

Nor have publicly administered agricultural estates been notable for their success.

To summarize, the agricultural land industry must be relieved of taxation and not singled out for especially heavy burdens, if it is to survive in a healthy state. It is still to be fully realized that agriculture's prosperity is the country's well-being. The present "three-partnership" system (owner, farmer, craftsman) of land cultivation should be retained and encouraged until something very much better has been devised. The system may have imperfections, and, no doubt, much could be done to improve it; but the greatest incentive to the landed industry, as well as to *all industry,* would be relief from taxation and innumerable hampering restrictions.

Transfusion

By Godfrey Locker Lampson

WHAT a medley of contradictory elements we are! Our friends would sometimes hardly recognise us, nor would our foes. Mrs. A., with her charming daughter, might cease to encourage Mr. X., if she knew all about him and could read his thoughts, while the electors of Boghole would never have chosen Mr. C., had they been fully cognizant of his past. Even Aldermen might be in a very different position, if all their records had been laid bare at the time of their elevation. Councillor Q., the darling of the Cathedral Ward, has had his fun just as much as Henry, the barman of the "Pig and Whistle," no better and no worse; and as for some of the Justices, their hours of relaxation are at times of such a nature as would surprise the Clerk if he were told about it. If you are Mayor of a County Town, the unruly appetites are so difficult to satisfy without exposure and inevitable public retribution that a well-ordered life in the ordinary sense of the term results as a matter of course. For a bookmaker, on the other hand, or cinema-actor, or poet, or prize-fighter, the world has different canons of behaviour and thinks nothing of lapses which in other persons, if discovered, would spell the end of their careers. The moral law, therefore, may be excellent discipline for the individual himself, but in practice it is not the same law for all and, within limits, the average citizen can break it with impunity. It all depends on your profession. If you are a doctor, avoid unprofessional intimacies with your lady patients; if a political candidate, keep out of the divorce court. It is what people expect of you, or rather what they expect you not to do, that matters. If you start early with a reputation for dissoluteness, you can go on sinning and yet hold up your head; but, if you have been awarded a certificate for virtue, woe betide you should you be discovered falsifying these judgments of your moral worth. And yet, at bottom, men are much the same. There are extremes at each end, but the vast body of humanity is compounded of

pretty equal proportions of good and evil. Some sudden fervour in the blood, some seasonal erethism, some insignificant dyspeptic grit, and you would scarcely recognise the prim Robinson or decorous Jones. On the other hand, some crisis in his fortunes, some national emergency, and your whole opinion of that blackguard, Thompson, will undergo a change. In fact, the balance is very nicely adjusted and a little more here or there will at times so alter a man's conduct that even his best friends or worst enemies will hardly know him for the same individual.

In this connection, I shall always remember a story told me by a surgeon. He was in his consulting-room one day, waiting for a client who had made an appointment. At length, the front door bell rang, the door of his room opened and the visitor was announced and walked in. He was a big, coarse-looking fellow, over-dressed, with a low forehead and small, close-set eyes. There was an air of vulgar aggressiveness about him, but with it a certain lack of confidence that suggested the coward and bully. Settling himself in a chair, with two thick hands resting on his knees, he began with an air of much seriousness to explain the reason of his call. He was forty-five years of age, with a banking business in a small provincial town, a business inherited from his father and grandfather. At one time a highly prosperous concern, during recent years it had considerably declined, until it was now in danger of being ousted by a rival institution that had introduced more modern and attractive methods. The head of this other bank was a Jew who from the humblest beginnings had risen to his present position. The visitor, whom we may call John Sweal, was married with a family. His sons and daughters were at the best school in the locality, learning to fill the social and financial position they had been born to, but which, however, could never be maintained unless some drastic step were taken to pull the business round. His wife, too, belonged to an old county stock and it would almost break her heart, if one of these days she were suddenly compelled to alter for the worse the whole scheme of her existence. He realized that his temperament was unsuited to the building up of a fortune.

He was fond of pleasure, of the good things of the earth. He confessed he liked his glass and could not keep away from other snares. The truth was that he loved money for what it could give him, but could not make it. He was addicted to gambling, although he rarely had any luck, and had got used to champagne every night of the year. He did not want to give all this up, for without it life would lose its savour. But the people where he lived had got their knife into him and were doing their best to ruin his business. There were plenty of men, no better than himself, who were getting on. Unfortunately, he had beaten a dog that had afterwards died and an action had been brought against him, and there had also been some unpleasantness with the local Hunt. He had jumped a fence and landed near a woman who was down and, not thinking at the time, had gone on. Some of his customers had removed their accounts and were trying to persuade others to do the same, and his partner had threatened to withdraw his capital. The Jew was gradually stealing the business, watching for every opportunity to step in, and if it didn't stop, he would soon be a pauper.

The Jews, he continued, were a wonderful people. He had known and watched several of them. They had the temperament and flair for making money. They smelt it out. What they touched turned into gold, or rather they never touched anything unless it contained gold. They worshipped success and despised failure. They lived for material things, for the solid advantages of this world. Upon these they concentrated with an avidity and single-mindedness that nothing could elude. It was in their blood, the blood of the race. Indeed, he was convinced that it was the peculiar composition of this fluid, the quiddity of the corpuscles, that endowed the Jews with this gift of turning what came their way to material account, that enabled them to seize on and make use of every auxiliary circumstance that could contribute to success. You could see this powerful current nourishing their noses and necks, and giving a distinctive hue to the sclerotic membrane and zygomatic surfaces. The Jewish hæmoglobin attracted, he believed, more oxygen, and the red corpuscles were more active

than in a Gentile's body. If he had had the Jewish hæmoglobin in his veins, his business would be going up instead of down, the future of his wife and children assured, and he would be able to enjoy life. After long deliberation, he had made up his mind. He would have an operation performed for which he was prepared to pay any fee that might in reason be demanded. He wanted the blood of a Jew transferred into his venous system, a full-blooded Hebrew of his own age, discreet, healthy, virile, and of indubitable stock. The alien corpuscles, once in his veins, would multiply and supply the deficiency from which he had always suffered.

The surgeon, so he told me, was so astonished at this proposition that, for the moment, he could find nothing to say and, indeed, could hardly keep his countenance. For the idea was preposterous, and this, although he was disgusted by the man's personality, he pointed out to his visitor as politely as he could. He emphasized the futility and fatuity of the scheme, for such an experiment was chemically, physiologically and empirically absurd. But Sweal was not to be moved. He had recently read a treatise which had confirmed him in his resolution, a scientific work translated from the German, which had left no doubt in his mind. He had definitely made his decision and the only question remaining was, what surgeon should be employed. My friend was in a dilemma. There was nothing dangerous about the operation under the circumstances. Blood transfusion was not an uncommon thing. It was the crazy nature of the whole business that made him hesitate, the useless waste of blood, energy, time and money, the apodeictic certainty that nothing possibly could come of it. If, however, after such plain speaking on his part, this obnoxious gull was still obdurate and bent upon the folly, it was hardly for him, the surgeon, to refuse.

So it was all arranged. A discreet, pure-blooded Jew was selected, in the prime of middle-life, robust and vouched for by reliable sponsors as to his racial antecedents, and the nursing-home notified, where Sweal was to go for the short time necessary for the treatment. On the day fixed for the first instalment of this unprecedented pantomime a pinguid, middle-aged Hebrew rang the bell

of the home and was shown upstairs. He looked, so the surgeon said, a typical compound of craft and oil. His tribal and medical credentials were in order and he had produced a certificate from one of the elders of his synagogue attesting to his doctrinal *bona fides* and moral worth. Sweal and the surgeon had, however, one surprise. The former, especially, had anticipated a good deal of difficulty in striking a bargain when it came to the fixing of the exact sum to be paid to the Jew. But this did not arise. The Israelite, the banker had predicted, would place so high an estimate upon the fertilizing blood stream, the incomparable ichor which he had inherited from his Abrahamic forefathers, that he would certainly insist upon so much an ounce. Indeed, the banker had feared that for every quarter-of-a-pint over the first, the Jew would demand that the price per ounce should be increased in an ever-ascending scale. He had made certain that there would be protracted computations and discussions, and unavoidable surrenders to this Shylock all along the line. In fact, he had even seemed pleased at the idea, for the greater the display of greed and tenacity by the other party, the more value he considered he would be getting for his money. But in these conjectures he had gone astray. He and the surgeon had never met a Jew like this one. Although the latter looked the part to perfection, his psychological make-up seemed to be in total contradiction. He said that he desired to be fair. How much did they think the convenience worth? He hoped from his heart that the transfusion would do the gentleman good. He would gladly have given his blood for next to nothing, had it not been that he was in temporary straits and that his wife was about to be confined. If the transfusion was not satisfactory, he would be only too pleased on a subsequent occasion to let it be repeated free of cost. The banker was taken smartly aback, and so forsooth was the surgeon. Could this, indeed, be the Hebrew of tradition, the real article? And yet there was no doubt about the racial genuineness of this quiet little man. He had been selected from a dozen other candidates and the outward characteristics of his tribe were stamped all over him. So Sweal put this altruistic attitude down

to some peculiarly subtle form of Jewish cunning, which he could not at the moment fathom, and suggested an inclusive fee considerably below the original figure which he had expected he would have to pay.

Everything now being settled, the first blood transference took place, for the treatment was to last for about a fortnight with intervals between the separate decantings. The Gentile's blood gushed forth and the Israelitish stream flowed in to irrigate, as the former hoped, his vascular and facultative processes with the fecundating elements of Hebrew guile. The nurses, who had not been let into the secret, disliked the manners of their patient as much as his conversation and reported that during the time he was in the home he read the financial Press all day long, feeling his nose all over at intervals and hunching his shoulders with hands outspread and palms upwards, as though he were displaying his wares at some Eastern bazaar. When the whole transaction was completed, the fees were paid, the parties separated, and, so far as the surgeon knew, none of them ever had met again. News, however, had occasionally trickled through to him from a friend who lived in the same town as the banker. It appeared that Sweal's bank was now on a rather more prosperous footing owing to the activities of a new partner who had come forward and not only put fresh capital into the business, but also his brains. So far as Sweal himself was concerned, he had, in his friend's opinion, become an altered man. In the old days he had been grasping, close-fisted, self-indulgent, incompetent. He had been easily the most detested personality of the whole countryside. There was hardly a fault of which this Christian had not been guilty. In the first place, he had been an unabashed and intolerable snob. Friends were dropped as soon as they were of no more use and he had fawned upon those who were socially his superiors and who only laughed at him for his pains. He had never spoken to anyone unless for some purpose of his own advantage. He had periodically cut out from the list even of nodding acquaintances all those whom he thought never likely to be able to serve him, and his sole criterion of human value had been that of recognized success. In a man of great attainments

such conduct, although repellent, might have been endured by those who either admired or needed him. But, in his case, there had been nothing to recommend this odious and pertinacious cad. He had had no ability and no fortune, nothing to his credit, either moral or material. He had been a drunkard and loose liver, a coward in the hunting field and an insufferable toady, and the community in general had hated and despised him.

What was the position now? The man's character seemed to have undergone a complete metamorphosis, whether owing to the death of his wife or some other cause, he could not say. Although his business reputation stood no higher, for the partial recovery of the bank's fortunes was known to be owing, not to his own capacity, but to that of his partner, the world's opinion of him had changed. He was still incompetent, but now beloved. He was kindly, unselfish, open-handed, slightly unconventional and with friends in every class. The only criticism heard was that he was too simple and unsuspecting: that he allowed himself to be duped by those who were more unscrupulous and greedy than himself, and that his charities, well-intentioned though they were, were distributed without sufficient regard to individual merits. He was imposed and sponged upon by every wastrel with a good tale, until the state of his personal finances was such that he had had to move into a smaller house on the outskirts of the town. He had grown a beard and his hair was now long and grey, and his clothes were sometimes so shabby that his friends had to remonstrate and appeal. One incident, however, above all others had endeared him to the whole population of the district. At the local theatre, twelve months previously, a fire had broken out. He had been sitting in the dress circle. On the alarm being given, there had been a frenzied stampede to the various exits, but he had kept his seat. The crowd had become so mad with terror that several women and children and been crushed and injured. Sweal had then forced his way into the thick of it, released some of the weaker ones and got them down the stairs and out of the building. He had then dashed back to succour others who were in the upper

galleries and in a still worse plight. Over and over again he had emerged carrying a woman or a child. The theatre, in the end, had been completely gutted. He was almost the last to leave, with his clothes torn, his hair singed and both hands severely burnt. This deed would never be forgotten. The local people wanted to give him an ovation, but the next day he was nowhere to be found, for he had left home for an unknown destination and only returned a few weeks later when the excitement had died down.

The surgeon had made no comment at the time and knew not what to think. Had the Jew's blood indeed wrought a transformation, but done but half its work? Or had the fusion of the two incongruous streams effected some chemical metastasis in the Israelitish fluids, neutralizing the racial genius and giving free play to certain other spiritual tendencies? He had pondered it many times, but never found an answer.

Sir Edward Elgar

By Robert H. Hull

THE advent of Elgar, historically considered, was timely. Dwindling vitality had attended the evolution of mid-Victorian music. The strength which remained derived chiefly from a close pursuance of the Teutonic tradition. Church music, in particular, had fallen into a decline. Reflections of the work of Brahms and Mendelssohn were to be found in plenty, but they possessed little of the clarity or permanence of the writings upon which they were modelled. Sentimentality was being mistaken widely for sentiment. Music of a devotional character was tending to rely more and more, for its ultimate appeal, upon a form of address unhealthy in its emotionalism. The intense vigour and elevated thought of Parry did much to repeal this condition of stagnancy, but his example was, to a great extent, isolated. Unsupported he could scarcely hope to achieve the renaissance which, at that time, British music so urgently required. At this critical moment a new and vital force became manifest in the personality and work of a young composer, Edward Elgar.

Elgar's contribution was especially striking because he contrived successfully to fuse the most enduring elements of classicism with a personal idiom whose novelty was equalled by its power. Among contemporaries, many of whom clung to a decaying tradition, his distinctive gifts stood out sharp and clear. Iconoclasm was not consciously his object. Like the greatest of his predecessors, Elgar accepted the essence of a musical heritage. With the development of personality individual features have grown in strength. The mature work of Elgar is remarkable for concise thought and superb craftsmanship of a quality at all times rare. Its beauty, aloof yet profound, testifies eloquently to the security which, with few departures, marks the evolution of this composer's genius.

Although it was in the "Enigma" Variations that the full development of Elgar's powers first became

apparent, his earlier works possess an interest which is musical no less than historical. The "Froissart" Overture (Op. 19) is conspicuous for a melodic gift pronouncedly individual; an exceptional sense of appropriate orchestration; and a vital conception of romance. Its vivid portrayal of chivalrous exploits convinces by means of a vigour free from bombast. The "Serenade" for Stringed Orchestra (Op. 20) exhibits a similar assurance of touch. The second movement contains an exquisite melody notable for that poetic feeling so characteristic of Elgar at his best; and the work as a whole is compact with promise of the inventive powers which, later, were more remarkably displayed.

The interest of Elgar's cantatas is incidental rather than sustained. In "The Black Knight" (Op. 25) and "King Olaf" (Op. 30) the choice of text is by no means impeccable, and this self-imposed handicap largely defeats a happy realization of the composer's purpose. "The Banner of St. George" (Op. 33) stresses overmuch the formal and obvious aspect of patriotism. It stands in striking contrast to the nobility of thought belonging to Elgar's truly national attainments. "Caractacus" (Op. 35) suffers from a poor libretto and a certain lack of homogeneity. The angularity of the vocal writing is born of incautiousness rather than necessity. The composer does not seem, at this stage, entirely to have realised that what, orchestrally, is apt enough may prove ill-chosen when expressed in vocal terms. Nevertheless the experience gained through these endeavours was bringing Elgar rapidly to maturity. It will be convenient, from this point onwards, to consider his prominent orchestral and choral works under a division into two separate groups.

With the appearance of the "Enigma" Variations (Op. 36) it was immediately clear that Elgar had written a masterpiece. They consist, as is now well-known, of a broad, clearly contrasted theme, very characteristic of Elgar in its melodic line, and fourteen variations, each of which is a perfectly fashioned miniature. In the course of these Variations Elgar explores an immense range of orchestral possibility and depicts every shade of emotion. Whether one turns to the brilliant and vigorous seventh

variation; to the wonderful dignity and compelling beauty of the ninth; or to the enchanting delicacy of the tenth, the handiwork of genius is equally apparent. This composition has been described as the finest set of Variations in British music; and the superlative is not misplaced.

Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" Marches (Op. 39) represent a spirited attempt to redeem the military march from the banalities with which it is too often associated. Their quality is varied. The first two are the most striking. No. 1 is probably the best of the set. We find something of its cheerful mood reappearing in the "Cockaigne" Overture (Op. 40). The composer here indicates plebeian life without falling into artistic vulgarity. The weakness of "Cockaigne" lies in a failure to develop material. Otherwise it is a vigorous and healthy work, full of robust joviality, evincing an orchestral treatment as brilliant as it is resourceful.

The "Introduction and Allegro for Strings" (Op. 47) illustrates vividly Elgar's exceptional aptitude for that instrumental combination. The "Introduction," though it opens boisterously, is mainly a quiet movement broadly conceived. It is a fine study in tranquil beauty. The "Allegro" reveals the alternation of dazzling and majestic qualities, and includes an expansion of forcible counterpoint. Throughout this work Elgar maintains an exalted artistic standard, preserving a value of content as attractive as it is permanent.

"Symphony No. 1 in A flat" (Op. 55) provides assuring evidence that Elgar loses none of his power when writing on an extended scale. A strong architectural sense ensures homogeneity, and a profusion of detail is not allowed to obscure the main purpose of the structure. The "Nobilmente" passages in the first movement have been characterized by some critics as grandiose. Admittedly a striving towards conscious dignity is liable to betray Elgar into pomposity, but these occasions belong more to his styled patriotic music, and the Symphony largely escapes this tendency. So much is assured by the ordered restraint with which the material is set forth. Where the Symphony is most brilliant it is often most thoughtful. The slow movement owes its acknowledged

beauty to sincere reflection and an astonishing emotional depth. Even here Elgar is diffident about effecting fully a self-revelation, which factor helps to account for the feeling of mystery pervading his utterance. In result the "Symphony in A flat" may readily impress the listener as an achievement of great strength and thought, though much remains to be discovered only through the medium of a closer examination. Each such discovery may be said, without exaggeration, to illustrate more positively the remarkable genius of the composer. His occasional sombre profundity is remote from obscurantism. Equally the passages of the Symphony which command by their brilliance are wholly free from meretricious devices whose attraction is superficial or born of vulgarity.

The "Concerto in B minor, for Violin and Orchestra" (Op. 61) is spiritually akin to the "Symphony in A flat" and, in a sense, forms its complement. The unusual knowledge of the potentialities of stringed instruments displayed by Elgar in the "Introduction and Allegro" now appears considerably developed in strength and artistic expression. In his hands concerto form is given a novel vitality. The proportions are symphonic, masterly in outline, and resplendent in thought and detail. The orchestration, though rich, is never excessive. An almost perfect balance is maintained between the solo executant and the instrumentalists. The thematic development is complex, but finely wrought. Its evolution has the appearance of several miniature and delicately modelled spans which combine to form a structure conspicuous for unity of ideal. Virtuosic pyrotechnics are studiedly avoided. Lofty inspiration is a consistent feature. Viewed in its entirety this work yields a beauty as noble in pure art as in regard to more formal requirements.

"Symphony No. 2 in E flat" (Op. 63) bears a nature directly opposite to that of its predecessor. It is concerned hardly at all with deep problems. The general impression is one of spontaneous gaiety. This atmosphere is common to each of the four movements, notwithstanding the sense of tranquil reflection discernible in the "Adagio." The view has gained favour that this

Symphony is the finer of the two. It is characterized by such ease of expression and felicity of thought that, at first sight, the finding may seem justified. On consideration it seems a little idle to attempt any direct comparison between works which do not compete with one another in mood. Each has magnificent qualities to offer which the other lacks. The disturbing and searching elements of the "Symphony in A flat" may act against certainty of form when opposed to the undoubted formal unity of its successor. Against this the latter is more immediate in its attractions, the former more urgent in ultimate meaning. Account has also to be taken of whichever aspect of Elgar's music happens to be strongest in its address to the individual. The thought offered by each Symphony is a sufficient pleasure to accept to preclude the necessity for forcing these works into a rivalry unjustified by art or circumstances.

The "Concerto in E minor, for violoncello and orchestra" (Op. 85) was considered disappointing at its first performance, and the comparative failure to attract cannot be attributed entirely to external conditions. The material is not remarkable for its musical significance and the treatment of the solo instrument, in avoiding virtuosity, is apt to become dull. Moments of beauty are intermittent rather than continuous. Yet the Concerto is not ill-written since Elgar, notwithstanding fluctuations in inventive qualities, is invariably a superb craftsman in his mature work. If the 'Cello Concerto is not among the most notable testimonies to his reputation, at least it does not appreciably detract from the honour rightly said to be his.

Of Elgar's oratorios it is probable that "The Dream of Gerontius" (Op. 38) has won for the composer the greatest and most just fame. Neither "The Apostles" (Op. 49) nor "The Kingdom" (Op. 51), admirable though they are, provide the unbroken elevation of style and thought associated with the setting of Newman's poem. It is difficult, now, to realize that doctrinal controversy should ever have interfered with its proper acceptance. As more than one writer has pointed out, an artistic masterpiece like "Gerontius" is above and remote from any confines peculiar to the circumstances

of theological dispute. Again to some people the spirituality of the work is oppressive. This view has to be acknowledged as an allowance for temperamental disposition, but it has singularly little connection with the purely musical aspect which is all that, here, we are concerned to discuss.

The strength of "The Dream of Gerontius" lies in its convincing sincerity; the embodiment of a satisfying vision presented through finely controlled imaginative powers; and, above all, an unerring sense of beauty. The orchestral writing excels both in content and design. From a vocal standpoint there are few departures from success. The "Demon" chorus is miscalculated realism, but the failure is isolated. The grandeur of the work in its entirety overshadows all occasional shortcomings. For the most part the detail is excellently contrived. Elgar appreciates minutely the emotional characteristics of the text, and brings to it an exalted loveliness beyond anything which it may be said otherwise to possess. The permanent worth of his achievement is beyond denial.

Elgar has written a certain amount of music specifically patriotic in design. It is invariably well suited to the purpose, and, from this angle, does not merit the scorn so often misdirected against it. These compositions cannot pretend to greatness, but of their kind they are far above the average. It is a misfortune that such works are frequently blamed for an absence of qualities which they have never claimed to possess.

The permanent character of Elgar's finest music consists in a constant regard for beauty, a sensible appreciation of form, and an unswerving honesty of ideal. His art is alien to every kind of artificiality. There is need to-day for music which abides by a criterion of stability. The example of Elgar is significant. He remains aloof from the revolutions of contemporary music. In consequence his achievements stand in some danger of being taken too much for granted. Where this possibility is manifest its early frustration is an essential and vital concern.

Ma'm'selle Rosalie

By Bernard Rolt

A VERY amusing character old Copt. He must have been one of the last circus proprietors living who once travelled his show peacefully along the roads of England before the incoming of motor cars.

He had retired from business, and profitably. If you paid him a visit in his cosy little house, tucked into a wooded corner of the Downs between Canterbury and Dover, you might be well entertained. When in the mood, no better company than Copt. The burly old fellow would then tell you stories of the heyday of Copt's circus, while his wife superintended the dishing-up of his supper, and yours, too, if you cared to stay. She was a small, capable, managing woman, and she wore a front of impossibly bright chestnut curls. Now and again Mrs. Copt would poke her head round the door to see what her husband was up to. Some of his tales she evidently considered best forgotten.

"Now, father, the gentleman don't want to hear that old truck, I'm sure."

But I did want to hear it, and, sometimes, if any particular delicacy needed her attention more than usual, we were left alone.

"Have I ever told you about the giant and the midget?" he asked me one night. "*An'* Ma'm'selle Rosalie," added old Copt, his keen eyes twinkling like blue sparks. "No? I thought not."

He took up a live coal with the tongs, held it to his pipe and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"Well, now," Copt began, and here is the gist of what he told me.

* * * * * * * *

It must first be understood that, of all "arteests," as he called them, far and away the most difficult he ever had to deal with were freaks. Of these, fat women, living skeletons, bearded ladies, the "What is it?" class and giants were all vexatious enough temperamentally. But when you came to a midget of either sex, without

the smallest doubt you came to trouble sooner or later; bad trouble. To my obvious question, "Then why have engaged midget 'arteests'?" I give old Copt's own reply.

"Because they was a draw an' Colonel Snip one o' the best I ever hit on. Perfect!"

For, to the initiated, it seems that midgets have points like prize dogs, and Colonel Snip had them all. Not only was he quite handsome (for a midget), having escaped that singular squashed appearance which, as a rule, gives one to suppose that the poor little things' faces have been sat on at birth, but his tiny body was beautifully proportioned. It was so tiny in length and breadth that Colonel Snip could perch quite comfortably on the extended palm of Goliath's enormous hand. He was the giant, Goliath was, needless to say, and between those two existed the queerest friendship.

"I never see anything like it in all my born days," Copt declared. "The Colonel looked after that feeble, shambling great creatur more like a mother than a male midget. But I always had me doubts. It was too good to last."

However, while it lasted, in many respects it was very good indeed. Colonel Snip was most intelligent; an English Cockney midget and . . . sharp! Travelling in the same caravan and never being able to show themselves by day, there was quite a lot of time to be got through somehow. Snip wasted none of it. Goliath's education, in whatever North Country town he hailed from, appears to have been neglected, so, to begin with, the dwarf taught him his alphabet. You might have gone far, Copt said, to see anything queerer than Goliath crouching miserably on a packing case, his knees hunched up to his runaway chin, trying his best to get the names of the letters into his small head, so much too small for his immense bony limbs and height.

"What's this? What's that?" the Colonel would scream at him in his reedy, nasal falsetto.

"T' letter——" drawled Goliath hesitatingly, and stopped.

"Look sharp!" and down came Snip's little cane that he held with a vicious smack on the floor.

"Nay, lad, I don't fairly knaw. I'll 'a' to think."

Goliath's weak eyes blinked with terror. His tiny master was severe, not to say rather cruel ("All midgets are," explained old Copt), and poor Goliath's lumpy knuckles knew the sting of that cane only too well. But it goaded him to learn the alphabet; even to read after a fashion. And the next thing was that, very unfortunately for Goliath as it eventually turned out, Colonel Snip taught him to write; also after a fashion.

With these particular lessons the boss, who looked in occasionally out of curiosity, had to interfere. Goliath's hands (consequently his knuckles) being completely engaged, the one in steadying his copy-book, the other in laboriously scrawling shaky capitals, Colonel Snip bethought him of the giant's ears as a suitable sphere for punishment. They were very large and stood out bat-like on each side of his cone-shaped head. The dwarf would tweak and flip them with his spiteful fingers till they were red as tomatoes.

"I had to stop that," said Copt. "I don't know how it is," with a reflective pull at his pipe, "but all the giants as ever I had to do with had wonderful tender ears. I caught the little varmint a welt on each of his own ears to see how he liked it himself. An' then what d'you suppose happened? I'm blessed if Goliath didn't try an' go for me! We-ell, I soon managed him. I give him a shove an' back he toppled on to his box like a ninepin. As for Colonel Snip, he'd started blubbin' an' howlin' (turned thirty he was, if a day), an' Goliath, half cryin' himself, was pettin' him. 'Ther lad, ther lad. 'E shan't nivver 'urt tha agen.' A nice set-out! I left 'em to it. After that, the Colonel might cut the great sawney's ears off for anything I cared."

But out of school-time nothing could be nicer than Snip's treatment of Goliath. If a bit patronizing in his manner, he was as kind as you please; and kindness is by no means a virtue common to midgets. His friendship on the whole really seemed an excellent thing for the giant. Left to himself, for instance, he would never have stirred one step. His pal made him walk. And off Goliath would stumble in the moonlight, the Colonel pattering along, trying to keep up with his vast, uncertain

strides; his shrill, childish voice echoing through the night long after they had got ahead of the circus caravans.

"What'd he talk about? That question shows me you never knew a midget," snorted Copt. "Why, himself, o' course. The Colonel had plenty to say on that subject, I can tell you. An' boast! *My* word!"

During the summertime of Goliath's education the strange couple did well for themselves and the boss. Their wrestling turn had been especially popular. In that, Goliath, of course, was always finally under-dog; but it took him all his time to keep on his feet as long as he did. The dwarf's strength was extraordinary. He would struggle and writhe like an eel, and a muscular eel at that. When the season ended they had a pantomime engagement in Hull. The Colonel played Hop-o'-my-Thumb; Goliath, the ogre. They made good money, but Copt often wondered what happened to Goliath's share. Colonel Snip once told him that he took care of it.

"An' I'll lay he did, too. Good care! But that wasn't no affair o' mine. They drew; that was my business. I signed 'em on for next season, an' back they come punctual to the tick. They was more pally than ever. The Colonel smart as paint; Goliath much the same, except that he was a trifle more filled out an' 'all there,' so to speak."

Then began the trouble. Its origin was a new engagement made by Copt during the winter. That of a young lady who figured on the bills as . . .

There old Copt made a dramatic pause.

"Ma'm'selle Rosalie!" he brought out triumphantly. "A very clever trick rider an' a beauty to look at into the bargain."

* * * * * * * *

Never was a more prosperous start to any season. The weather was dry (a great consideration to travelling circus folk); they had packed audiences; there wasn't a turn that didn't "go." But the turn of all was Ma'm'selle Rosalie's. The people, in old Copt's words, "fair ate her!" News of her grace, beauty and daring preceded them to each town. "She was the luck o' Copt's circus, an' no mistake."

As the old boy told me about this lovely lady of the ring who whirled through tissued paper hoops in tulle skirts, I quite expected that his story was turning into a personal romance. He was young then, and Copt must have been a proper man in his day. However, I was disappointed; but romance did attach itself to Ma'm'selle Rosalie, and romance of a very unlikely order indeed. Copt first heard of it from Madame Leopoldina of the *Haute Ecole* act.

This lady shared a caravan with the girl, and it speaks well for the latter's tactful disposition that Madame Leopoldina had taken to her. She was a fine "arteest," but jealous, very jealous. She was also at least twenty years older than her companion. These drawbacks considered, all the more credit to Madame Leopoldina for her behaviour in the following crisis. One afternoon between the shows, she stalked across the grass, a superb figure of a woman, and tapped on the door of the boss's own private caravan. That was a proceeding, I gathered, much on a par with calling at Buckingham Palace and demanding an audience with the late Queen Victoria, who was still reigning at the time.

"What is it?" snapped the boss, none too pleased at this breach of etiquette.

"I feel it my dooty to acquaint you with the fact," Madame Leopoldina replied (she always used very high-sounding words), "that Ma'm'selle Rosalie has been sent these two bokays." She produced from under her cloak two large bunches of flowers. "They was deposited on our steps one after the other when she was in the ring, an' I see who brought 'em."

"Who?" asked Copt, taking the flowers.

"The roses is from Goliath. The pinks and forget-me-nots from that——" Madame Leopoldina paused to screw up her nose disgustedly, "from that little wretch o' a dwarf. If Ma'm'selle Rosalie was me own sister, I couldn't wish to see a nicer behaved young lady. As we're not even related, her love affairs ain't no concern o' mine; an' that I know. But when it comes to . . . freaks!"

"Has she seen this rubbish?"

"No."

"Well, madam, you did right. I'm obliged. Don't say nothing to her. I'll see to it."

That night, at the end of their turn, Copt, as ringmaster, publicly handed back to Goliath and the Colonel their respective bouquets. The giant's sprawling, blotted message tied to his roses, "With Goliath's respekful komplements," had been crossed out. The same with Colonel Snip's, "From your devoted admirer," in his niggling, copperplate writing.

"Returned without thanks," had been substituted in large block letters on each card.

"I'd better not've done that," Copt acknowledged. "It give that unfortunate looney away to the Colonel, an' I'd a jolly good experience o' midgets an' their tricks by then. But Snip took me in; all along the line he did."

To every appearance the Colonel and Goliath were just as close friends; and the poor giant needed a friend. After the bouquet episode he must have understood that his undoubted love for Ma'm'selle Rosalie was hopeless. He never tried to interfere with her, not even to speak to her; but his eyes would follow the girl with a humble expression like that of a faithful mongrel dog. The improvement in his physical condition lessened. He became very pale and thin. To make things worse Ma'm'selle Rosalie went out of her way to give him a pleasant word and a smile when she came across him. Whether Madame Leopoldina had told her of Goliath's roses Copt wasn't sure. He thought not.

"But I knew she'd put the girl up to Snip's game. Ma'm'selle Rosalie couldn't abide that dwarf. She'd pass him by with her head in the air; her pretty eyes cold an' scornful enough to floor a bigger man than him. I see her do it an' I see his face afterwards. Ah! That ought've warned me. Wicked!"

And then Snip, beside himself with thwarted love and wounded pride, brought matters to a head. In the last week of that year's tour the circus was at Stratford-on-Avon, and one September evening Ma'm'selle Rosalie wandered off alone for a stroll by the river. The Colonel went after her.

"He'd eyes like a sparrer hawk, an' they'd been

watchin' her for just such a chance, as patient as Job. You'd never believe how set those dratted midgets can be," sighed Copt, "once they get a notion into their artful minds; specially a am'rous notion. He come mincin' past the caravan indifferent like, flickin' at the grass with his little cane. He'd got on his best suit, a new straw hat an' brown shoes with toes pointed as needles. That willing creatur Goliath used to polish 'em. We-ell, I didn't think nothin' o' his get-up, the Colonel was always very dressy; but I did put me head out an' ask him where he was off to. It was still daylight, an' freaks can't afford to make 'emselves cheap."

"'That's all right, boss,' the Colonel squealed back. 'I ain't goin' far,' but he went far enough to catch up with Ma'm'selle Rosalie. Then there was the very devil to pay!"

* * * * * * * *

She said nothing at the time of what happened in the lonely water meadows; not even to Madame Leopoldina. That lady, squeezing herself into her green riding-habit for the evening show (a strenuous operation in which Ma'm'selle Rosalie usually assisted her), was just wondering where the girl could be, when in the came. She was a trifle out of breath, owing, she said, to having run part of the way back, fearing she was late. Otherwise Madame Leopoldina didn't notice anything amiss with her.

"Or . . . if she did . . . she held her tongue like a good 'un. So did the girl. I saw to that next day." Copt paused, then added significantly, "When I got the story out o' her an' made her promise to keep her mouth shut."

"But why?" I interrupted.

"Wait, an' you'll hear."

Ma'm'selle Rosalie had been dreadfully startled by the Colonel. He came on her very quietly, his tiny feet not making a sound in the long grass. Suddenly she felt her hand caught.

"Clawed, more like," said Copt. "Before she could wrench it free Snip was kissin' it as if he'd gone mad, which I reckon he wasn't far off."

"'I love you, Rosalie! Oh, I love you!' raved the

Colonel, plumpin' himself down on his knees; an' his voice was pitched that high an' shrill she was afraid someone'd hear, not being proud o' the situation by a long chalk.

"'Stop that!' she orders. 'Get up at once. You look simply ridiculous.'"

Colonel Snip scrambled to his feet, red with rage, but he didn't give in. He didn't understand how any girl could possibly refuse the glory and delight of becoming Mrs. Snip, as he was prepared to make Ma'm'selle Rosalie. About that, he explained his honourable intentions; but not in the happiest way.

"'I'm offerin' you marriage,' he declares grandly, as if he was a prince."

"'No!' she answers, an' 'No!' again, till she gets it rammed into his noddle.

"'Would you say that to Goliath?' sneers the Colonel, very nasty indeed.

"'What's he got to do with it!' she asks, surprised.

"'I mean . . . you can speak civil to him,' whines Snip. 'You don't hide your likin' for Goliath.'"

That roused her.

"'Just so,' Ma'm'selle Rosalie flashes back. 'I'm civil to him *because* I like him. You've said it. I'm not civil to you for the opposite reason. If you're sharp enough to guess what that is,' an' she laughs."

In the light of future events Copt always considered that laugh a fatal mistake. Ma'm'selle Rosalie had already touched up the Colonel smartly on two points most dangerously vulnerable in all midgets: his immense vanity and jealousy.

"He was that furious, Ma'm'selle Rosalie thought he'd spring right at her. Off she started runnin'. Lucky for her she did, too! If only she'd come straight to me then, but she was ashamed, I suppose. You know what girls are; anyway, decent girls. She blamed herself afterwards. Bitterly, she did."

"Well," I argued, "Ma'm'selle Rosalie had nothing to reproach herself about so far as I can see."

"No? Maybe you don't see very far."

"He sounds poisonous," I insisted.

"He was. Therefore he had to be revenged on some-

one, as a midget would. He couldn't touch Ma'm'selle Rosalie, so he chose the next most handy an' innercent person. Leastways . . . I shall always believe he did to my dyin' day, though I hadn't no direct proof. He wasn't even suspected. I saved him there. Very wrong perhaps; but, mind you, if publicity can help a arteest an' a show, too . . . up to a point, . . . beyond that point——" old Copt lowered his voice, "it can spell ruin!" He leaned forward and touched my knee. "For instance," he whispered, "if it was . . . murder!"

"D'you mean to say——?"

"I mean to say that next mornin' . . . almost before dawn it was . . . we found Goliath by the river exactly where Ma'm'selle Rosalie had laughed at the Colonel. The lower part of the body was lyin' along the bank, but his head was in the water face downwards. It wasn't more than a few inches deep, but enough to drown him."

"Good Lord!"

"It was the Colonel who give the alarm. Not bein' able to sleep, Goliath an' him'd gone out. That sounded well at the inquest to start with. Their walks by night was known to every soul o' our folk. He come batterin' at the caravan door to wake me. Act! I can't but take me hat off to him there. He was tremblin' all over, sobbin', gaspin' for breath. His clothes was covered with mud an' drenched as if he'd been in the river himself. So he had, I'll swear. But not, as he witnessed, to try an' save Goliath when he come over faint an' fell in. No! He got soaked holdin' the poor feller's head under water with his strong little hands; after he'd pushed him, or tripped him up, as he well knew how to do. That was a favourite wrestlin' dodge o' the Colonel's. Either way, the marks of fingers on Goliath's neck was nicely accounted for both to me an' the coroner. In his opinion, they testified to Snip's courage and gallantry in attemptin' to rescue his friend. The sympathy that dwarf received! Not only sympathy neether. Why, the town people collected a purse for him, which only shows the truth o' what the Bible says about 'The unrighteous flourishin' like——' like . . . what is it again?"

"'The green bay tree,'" I quoted.

"Ah, bay tree."

"Was the verdict accidental death?"

"That's it. Heart failure. An' the Colonel was made. 'The little hero,' as the papers called him, soon got offers from all over the world. I'd closed down the show . . . there wasn't but a day or two more o' the season to run . . . an' he come to bid me goodbye, dressed in deep mournin'. Then," said old Copt sternly, "I got one back at him."

"'I'm sorry to go,' he gulps, his face buried in a handkerchief, with a black border inches deep. 'But I couldn't never've stayed on without my dear Goliath. Oh, to think that I'll not see him here again!'"

"'An' you won't see him nowhere else, Colonel,' I says. 'For it's my belief as Goliath's in Heaven. Did . . . you . . . send him there?' Down comes the handkerchief. He wasn't cryin'; no more than what you are. But his face! It was white as a sheet o' paper.'"

"'I'll have the law on you for that,' he screeches."

"'Try,' I says. He slunk off then. The Colonel became a star; none too lucky a star for anyone who crossed him, by all accounts. There was some precious rum stories floatin' round about him for years. Then I lost track o' him."

"And what happened to Ma'm'selle Rosalie?"

"Oh, she left the ring an' married."

"Who?"

The door leading to the kitchen opened.

"Father!" called Mrs. Copt's sharp voice. "Supper!"

Old Copt knocked the ashes from the pipe into the grate. He stood up and stretched himself.

"Who did Ma'm'selle Rosalie marry?" he chuckled, with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder towards the kitchen. "Why, *me*, of course!"

Culmination

By Geoffrey Johnson

Now the ripe Autumn pours his richest gold
Into the marvelling meadows; even a sparrow
Caught in his flurry to a five-barred gate
Is a wild glory never to be told,
And a train's loops of steam are rosed and stately
As sails of galleons furling down Magellan Strait.

Trials and failures in the bitter Spring
And fiery flowers of passion in the Summer
Have mellowed to this fine magnificence,
For, having learnt his craft, the year can fling
On growing darkness pageantries on pageantries
With what a consummate ease before his going hence!

This is our sorrow tugging at the will:
No mind is quite the master-mind departing,
As no new Autumn can be this which goes;
Even in the act of mastery, mind is still,
And though there may be mightier minds to follow,
It cannot start them from the peak to which it rose.

Swallows

By Geoffrey Johnson

The big blue sky is like a mind deciding,
The crowds of swallows are its thoughts dividing;
Delight it is, O infinite delight,
That will not let them settle from their gliding.

The bleaching golds of barley sway so fairily,
The locks of Earth are flossed and tossed so airily,
Delight it is, O infinite delight,
That makes them skim her lovely head so warily.

They cannot speak, for all their brave swift glitter
And serene swoopings, praises that would fit her;
Delight it is, O infinite delight,
That breaks their music to a breathless twitter.

All day without a rest my thoughts go playing
About your image till the gold is graying;
Delight it is, O infinite delight,
That makes them skim the word they would be saying.

Air Interlude

By A. E. Lloyd Maunsell

Between the strands of mist, between
The broken spray of wave and wave,
Or the faint space 'twixt seen, unseen,
A little note doth intervene,
Small as the pause of breath and breath—
And little life
Is lesser death.
'Twixt wave and wave a moment's rest,
'Twixt kiss and kiss a thing half sigh,
As passion's bird droops to his nest,
Wearied of flights of ecstacy,
An interlude as breath and breath—
And little life
Is lesser death.
Between the play of stirring leaves,
O'er shadows e'en as light as they,
A sudden stillness comes and weaves
Another pattern for their play:
Their sighing lulled 'tween breath and breath—
As little life
In lesser death.
'Twixt life and love as now they be,
And all that shall continue where
A wider sight of sky and sea
Shall greet us when we journey, then
There is a little pause of breath—
That gives us life,
That gave us death.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

This Robot Age

"They're a comical lot in Sheffield," remarked Heddle.

"Are they?" said Sergeant Murphy. "And what have they got to be comical about?"

"I mean this salooting business," replied Heddle. "The bobbies are going to be made saloot the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, the magistrates, the chief citizens and the town clerk. A lot of swank, I call it."

"Oh, I dunno," said the Sergeant. "If I was an American aldherman, I wouldn't bother about me dignity, I'd be satisfied with the graft. But there's little doin' in that line here, and be heavens, I'd grab some publicity as compensation for the grand work I'd be doin' on the Council.

"Even an aldherman, Heddle, is human, though he doesn't always look it, and the cravin' of every human bein' to-day is to get in the limelight.

"Now take a Misther Dumpley of Sheffield, a middle-aged, short, stout man, walkin' through the sthreets. Nobody takes a bit of notice of him, except perhaps a fellah with an eye on his gold chain. But if a policeman saloots him, people will turn to look at him and some wan will say, 'Oh, that's Misther Dumpley, the magnet of the edible fat thrade.' That makes life worth livin' for him. He's no longer a fellah called Dumpley. He's the Misther Dumpley. He's somebody.

"That's the only reason why illusthrated newspapers are not published from Carey Sthreet. The proprietors can always bank on their pathrons' love of the limelight.

"I see a picture of Mrs. Daphne Crowbar, with her Alsatian, or, maybe, her prize Hereford, Mike. She's a plain, faded, unintherestin'-lookin' woman that even the best photographer can't make atthractive. At wance I turn over the page to where a bathin' beauty in the demi-nude grabs me eye. But Mrs. Crowbar will buy enough copies of that issue to carpet the Albert Hall.

"SAYS SERGEANT MURPHY"

"It's the same longin' that keeps Fleet Sthreet swarmin' with clergymen, schoolmasthers, hot-dog manufacturers and the divil knows what fightin' like tigers to get into print, and injuices hard-workin' clerks to call their four-be-two villa 'The Chimes' instead of leavin' it Number Wan-hundherd-and-seventy-seven, as God made it."

"It's swank," said Heddle. "Just swank. Trying to be a cut above their neighbours."

"Maybe it isn't," said the Sergeant. "It may be just a protest agen a mechanical age. Every fellah likes to think he's individual. But with mass production everywhere, it's gettin' harder for annybody to prove it.

"Take the case of that woman the other day that just escaped bein' convicted of doin' in her husband be an ad lib diet of weed-killer. She was acquitted on a legal flaw, but not a sinner in Court but knew she hurried the old man out of this vale of tears.

"Now can you tell me why no less than five men sent her proposals of marriage? She's no longer very young, she's no oil-paintin' to look at, she's got no money, and to judge be the evidence in Court, she's a hell of a temper. Also, anny sane man that married her would wait till she had a sip of the coffee before he did the like. Especially now that she knows be experience the correct doses. Yet five men that we must assoom are fit to use the Parliamentary vote rush in to marry her.

"Now it isn't as if the lucky wan that gets her will be able to boast the way a fellah could boast if Greta Gumboil, the film star, had picked on him for her eighth adventure in mathrimony. All he can boast is that his wife was nearly convicted of murdher. Why, it's like swankin' because your left leg is shorter than your right.

"It's what I told you, Heddle. It's a reaction agen the tendency of the world to make robots of the lot of us. So we're all sthrikin' out to get some sort of place in the publicity sun. It 'ud be comic if it wasn't pathetic.

"Some of us succeed, mind you. The proof is that nowadays it takes a sthrong man to lift Who's Who with wan hand."

The Theatre Renews Itself

By Horace Shipp

Twelfth Night. (Sadler's Wells.)
Cochran's 1931 Variety. (The Palace.)
The Song of the Drum. (Drury Lane.)

ALTHOUGH the London theatre may be said to be in a surprisingly healthy condition from a box-office standpoint, one is not very happy about it from the viewpoint of abstract intelligence. The opening of the year has brought us very little in the way of new plays, perhaps it would be more fair to say in the way of plays of basic importance. Very few of the playwrights' names are those of real standing, neither the classics nor contemporary literary dramatists seeming to have much place on the London stage. The outstanding and truly historic event of the month has been the re-opening of Sadler's Wells theatre as a North London version of the famous Old Vic, governed by the same management and the same inspiring ideals of theatrical art and literature. Only those who know something of the difficulties with which Miss Lilian Baylis and her helpers have to contend will appreciate just what it has meant to get this venture founded. All those who have any true respect for the honour of the English theatre will wish this courageous scheme success; and, what is more practical, will help it and themselves by making sure that they give the support of their presence as audience.

The theatre opened appropriately on twelfth night with a production of Shakespeare's own *Twelfth Night.* What a good production it was, too! Mr. Harcourt Williams has this season at the Old Vic. achieved some truly lovely things among his interpretations of Shakespeare's plays, and his production of *Twelfth Night* at their new theatre must be written down as among the best of these. It is truly one of the happiest of Shakespeare's pieces; and although for our twentieth-century minds the bating of Malvolio seems always to partake of that childish cruelty which found its place in the Elizabethan mind, we nevertheless still find cause for laughter and real comedy, with just enough feeling to act as "sauce piquant" in this riotous story of love-making and roistering at the court of Illyria.

One other event of importance is the recapture, under the leadership of Mr. Cochran, of the Palace Theatre as a variety house. For a great many years the Palace had an outstanding reputation as a London music hall. Its conversion to the "pictures" was held as a significant breakdown in the defences of the theatre. It is particularly interesting, therefore, that the main feature of the production should be the four Marx brothers, whose reputation has been made on the films, and whose personal appearance in this show is proving the great draw to the public.

This looks like carrying the war into the enemy's country. One wonders whether the old idea of variety can gain any real foothold. The exploitation of personality which is the basis of variety, and which gave us all the outstanding music hall artists in the great days at the end of last century, does not seem to have any real place in the theatre to-day. But it may be that if the stage were there, the artists would be found to fill it. Mr. Cochran, with his particular flair for discovering talent will probably enormously help this movement, and we watch his experiment at the Palace Theatre with interest.

The outstanding production of the last few weeks has been the long-promised Drury Lane piece, *The Song of the Drum*. Its difficulties and postponements have served largely to whet public appetite for this new big musical show; and it must be said that now it has arrived it is, as these things go, worth waiting for. I confess that I was frequently amazed that the censor had been concerned and had interfered on political grounds whilst the other side of his powers seems to have been left so much in abeyance. Actually, however, with a production of this type, neither political nor sex implications seem to be the least relevant. The whole thing has, and is intended to have, no contacts with reality. It is gay and irresponsible, but its gayness and irresponsibility are governed with something akin to genius.

Its primary appeal to me was the visual one. Professor Ernst Stern has used the revolving stage of the Drury Lane to wonderful effect, and I think it is fair to say that of their theatrical kind such scenes as The House with the Red Door and the Bazaar at Tussbud

have not been surpassed. Alongside of this actual scenery one's eye was continually delighted by the kaleidoscopic pattern of amazingly dressed choruses and ensembles. The fan ballet, which was one of the items, was really beautiful, and was memorable even in the mass of fine dancing and chorus work of this very efficient show.

The story, despite its novelette atmosphere, was more coherent than one expects in musical comedy. The music is full of catchy tunes: Herman Finck's numbers exhibit all his old prowess; and the acting, in the hands of a very strong cast, was again extremely effective. Bobby Howes as the comedian of this show was particularly good. Derek Oldham in the hero's part obviously charmed the house, as did Helen Gilliland playing opposite to him, and Marie Burke as a spectacularly wicked Russian Countess.

This type of play, however, is not intended as an actor's province, and we remember it chiefly for the very real beauty it gave to the eye. On the day when we saw it we had spent the afternoon among the treasures at the Persian Art Exhibition at Burlington House, and in the light of that static beauty one realized something of the fascination there must be to the theatre man in creating the fluid though transient loveliness of form and colour which the stage offers. In these great productions I believe the audience are achieving an increasing understanding of the stage picture. We had remarked it when we saw *Twelfth Night* and had noted the fine effects of the grouped figures in the settings designed by Owen Smyth. At the Drury Lane, where money for production seems unlimited, this type of thing can be carried out to its fullest extent. Sometimes one wonders whether it is right thus to lavish mind and money upon something so ephemeral as a musical comedy must be. But all who love the theatre will tend to put aside such doubts and to welcome the type of beauty which can be attained when good taste and the mind of such an artist as Professor Stern are behind a production. If we cannot have everything, we will at least be thankful for what we can have, and will keep our minds open to all phases of artistry in the theatre of our time.

Books

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS WORLD

THE APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE. By J. W. MACKAIL. Oxford : Clarendon Press. 6s.

IN these six lectures, given at University College, London, Dr. Mackail gives sound advice to the student. He sees the danger of sterilizing appreciation of Shakespeare as a master of prose and verse in the pursuit of the many bypaths advertised by wandering scholars or deluded specialists. " What matters is not what the artist made it out of, but what he made it into." Dr. Mackail ends as he began by quoting Johnson's advice to " read every play from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of the commentators." People should know the plays thoroughly before they enter on the maze of speculation. To see Shakespeare acted is an evident advantage, but " stage productions are infrequent, often incompetent, and usually mutilated." We are rightly told that what reads languidly may act effectively, but we cannot see the plays often enough to fix them in our minds, and, when we do see them, speech is often slurred or hurried, so that the beauty of it is lost. Shakespeare did not apparently care about inconsistencies he took in his stride, nor do we, when we see the plays acted. Dr. Mackail warns his students against nigglers about detail and brings them back to good sense. Except for some scenes reasonably regarded as interpolations, or inserted because of their topical value, Shakespeare knew his business as a dramatist better than many moderns conceive :

> That *Hamlet* is inordinately reflective is not, I think, the impression left by it on either readers or audiences, but only on critics.

Hamlet, though very long in its fullest form, is rich in rapid action, a point to be considered when we look at the length of a play. There is, however, a great pause in *King Lear*, a masterpiece above ordinary rules. Here Dr. Mackail recognizes Albany as the pivot on which all turns, the sane man among the unbalanced who keeps his steady course. *Julius Cæsar* bridges the gap between the chronicle histories and the great tragedies and is declared to be uncertain in its handling, an inference fairly drawn from the divergencies of views about it. *Anthony and Cleopatra*, with its forty-two scenes, is described as a super-drama with no less a subject than the *orbis Romanus*. It was given recently at the Old Vic in a reduced form, and even so, seemed a sprawling play in which, after the death of Anthony, Cleopatra, as if to justify a second climax, is presented with a sublimity in which we find it difficult to believe. Here, as elsewhere, critics may not always agree with Dr. Mackail, which is only to say that no single view of so impersonal a genius as Shakespeare can hope to win universal

approval. But the book shows fine taste and clears away what are certainly irrelevancies for any but advanced students, suggesting broad, reasonable conclusions evidently founded on a wide knowledge of criticism old and new. Above all, Dr. Mackail warns us to "beware of ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge." It is the sign of a good critic to illustrate Shakespeare from his own plays.

In the final chapter the strange aloofness and infinite receptivity of Shakespeare are noted. How could he take in and give out so much? Here Keats's note on Shakespeare's "Negative Capability" might have been mentioned. "Negative" means the capacity to observe and understand without irritability. But hazardous as the conclusion may be, one cannot help seeing in the bitterness of some plays an echo of Shakespeare's personal life.

V. R.

THE ETERNAL SHAKESPEARE. By CAMBERLAND CLARK. Williams and Norgate. 10s. 6d.

THIS book gives in twelve chapters a good summary of the main points about Shakespeare's work and world. Mr. Clark writes as an enthusiast and selects quotations well. He recognizes that some of the effects of the plays were frankly aimed at a crude audience and that the repartee which pleased the Elizabethans is often dull to us. Shakespeare had particular reason to make his way since his father's fortunes had collapsed. The chapters on "Wayfaring Life," and "Shakespeare as Sportsman," are among the best, and it is pointed out that sport was available in what is now a wilderness of houses. "The northern heights and woods outside the town [London] were favourite grounds for hunting and hawking." Wisely, Mr. Clark cannot see in the plays any definite politics, but he is much too confident in his estimate of Shakespeare's Latin and Greek. Some of the parallels mentioned are far from convincing. Ovid, Plautus and Seneca we recognize as influences, but it is strange to find a statement that a whole act in *Henry VI* is based on Horace's Ode 14, in the First Book, a short address to a ship. The influence of the Odes is small and uncertain, and strange as it may seem, they were not translated into English in Shakespeare's day. We cannot recognize great indebtedness to the Greek tragedians, and if *King Lear* is to be referred to the Greek, it is much more like the *Œdipus Coloneus* than any play of Æschylus. The Greek original translated at the end of the Sonnets has been found in a contemporary Italian version. This inquiry is a matter for the specialist, and attention may be called to Mrs. Stopes's 'Richard Field,' in "Shakespeare's

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Warwickshire Contemporaries." Field, a Stratford man, was the printer of Shakespeare's first book and associated with Vautrollier, who had a patent to print Plutarch's " Lives " and other classical works.

ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND. By G. B. HARRISON. Benn. 6d.

DR. HARRISON, who has given us a good " Shakespeare " in this series has now dealt with Shakespearian England, confining himself to the period 1588–1603. His knowledge enables him to make effective play with detail. He shows the human side of Queen Elizabeth, Essex playing on the national excitability, and the brutality, squalor and filth which make Elizabethan England like the native bazaar of an Eastern city to-day. The Church was held up by severe penalties. Not only were people absent from church services fined, but by Eliz. 35, 1, those who frequented conventicles could be punished with imprisonment, and if, when convicted, they refused to submit, they could be ordered to abjure the realm, refusal to do so being a felony without benefit of clergy.

FICTION

ST. VITUS DAY. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THE day of the title is *Vidovdan*, the national festival of the Serbians which recalls the defeat of Kossovo. On this of all days the hated Archduke Franz Ferdinand chose to visit Serajevo. This book tells us vividly the whole story of the plot to murder him, goes into the lives and characters of the young assassins, and describes the trial, in which the guilt of Serbia had become more important than the fate of the persons involved, and the punishments that followed. That of Gavro Princip who fired the fatal shots was the worst, for he gradually rotted in prison till his death in 1918.

Mr. Graham has carefully investigated the actual scenes and talked with the relatives of the murderers: so he writes with intimate knowledge of the whole drama. In Serajevo, a seething mass of dissonant creeds and races, the schoolboys belonged almost without exception to secret societies and were excited by poverty, drink and a sense of their own importance. Spies listened everywhere and Vienna, according to Mr. Graham, knew without doubt that the Archduke was exposing himself to the gravest danger. So it is odd that the young conspirators managed to smuggle a conspicuous box of bombs across the frontier without discovery. Odder still, they were able to take positions near their victim, though a similar resolute attack had previously been made on a pro-Austrian governor by the young man Zheraitch.

All failed at the first attempt and it was only an unexpected second view that gave Princip his chance. He alone of the party had remarkable nerve. He was prematurely serious, a poor student impressed with the wrongs of his country and brooding over his discovery of the grave of Zheraitch. He attended a class of callisthenics which could not be proved seditious but which taught the boys to aim knives at a figure scratched on the wall! What can one do with such people and such education? The story suggests at least a hope that it will be long before a callous readiness to kill becomes usual in this country.

CERTAIN PEOPLE. By EDITH WHARTON. Appleton. 7s. 6d.

ARTIST as Mrs. Wharton has repeatedly shown herself to be, it is in craftsmanship that these half-dozen stories are chiefly remarkable. Considering their source, they are surprisingly lacking in imagination, though they have enough of that rare quality to arouse the envy of many makers of fiction. The frameworks of the little plots are well designed and fitted together, but in the African murder story and the ghost-story the mysteries are too mechanical to be impressive, while, in

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the frustrated elopement, the mediæval lovers are at once too ordinary and too sketchy to excite much sympathy in their threadbare disappointment.

The opening tale, of the married woman whose natural reserve prevents her seeing the man whom she had really loved, when he is dying, is more convincing, and the American professor who is mistaken for a Belgian refugee, during the first rush to England after the outbreak of war, makes excellent comedy so far as it goes. The tale of a wealthy old man and woman who dine together when their memories have ceased to distinguish between fancy and reality might serve as an illustration of the latest "discoveries" concerning space and time, applied to the actualities of life in New York.

SUCCESS: THREE YEARS IN THE LIFE OF A PROVINCE. By LION FEUCHTWANGER. Translated by WILLA and EDWIN MUIR. Secker. 10s.

A CHRONICLE such as this, crowded everywhere with detail, seems to appeal to some as an improvement on a more selective art which keeps comedy or tragedy within reasonable limits. Herr Feuchtwanger's picture of post-war Bavaria struggling with the inflation of the mark, and Munich, once an artists' town, spoilt by modern vulgarity, is certainly impressive, while the struggles of various persons, chiefly politicians, to win success form a complete and devastating exposure of selfish ambition. But there is an amazing deal to read, and some of the reading is surely imposed on us unnecessarily. Enough is said about local types without devoting a chapter to four typical Bavarians and telling us that they use 612, 412, 724, and 1,591 words respectively. Why need we know that a typewriter which figures in the story has a defective letter? Detail is not an end in itself, but the author seems to regard it as such.

The title might equally well have been "The Market of Justice," for the theme which sets the book going is the case of art director Krüger, a Bohemian who had hung questionable paintings in the National Gallery, and is sent to prison for perjury. Later, the Minister of Justice admits the strong probability of his innocence, which is pretty clear. The girl Johanna, whose evidence should have saved him, if the court had not already decided to condemn him, is the most decent character in the book, though her favours are granted readily to a series of lovers. She marries Krüger while he is in prison, but her many efforts to get him out of it fail, and he dies just as intervention by a powerful American with dollars to spend on Bavarian promotion is securing his release. However, he is rehabilitated posthumously by a film and a book.

The various intrigues of business and politics, including shallow and popular efforts by the "True German" party, are vividly done, but the whole book is profoundly sordid and depressing. The statistics of crime and suicide in Germany are terrible and the people are said to be subject to 257,432 police ordinances. Bavaria is incessantly denounced as a rotten State. The best thing left among the people seems to be a Rabelaisian good humour, and it is reported that a native historian in the twentieth century could not find "a single refined, graceful or lovable quality" in the Bavarians.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

GREAT COMIC SCENES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE. Chosen and edited by LANCELOT OLIPHANT. Gregg Publishing Co. 7s. 6d.

IN these dismal times it is pleasant to see something cheerful, and Mr. Oliphant has made a good selection of English humour from Shakespeare to Mr. Priestley. The introduction, designed for the general reader, is a sensible idea, for to-day little is known of the literature of the past. Who can identify the vulgar Branghtons offhand? We doubt the inclusion of Gibbon's dream of marital felicity. His careful exposition of the affair has its ridiculous side, but if he showed enough spirit to have a real "scene" with his father, he has not reported it. Mr. Oliphant calls "The History of Mr. Polly" Mr. Wells's "greatest book," and many readers were unwilling to exchange the humorist for the prophet of shifting doctrines. F. Anstey's wedding scenes from "Voces Populi" are excellent. He, more than J. K. Jerome, the author of "Three Men in a Boat," suffered the penalty of being a humorist. The public would not take to his serious work. Mr. Leacock at his best is quite amusing, but we should have preferred to see something from Mark Twain, a

more original artist in fun. These, however, are minor points. The selections from the indubitable classics—Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, and Hardy—are all of the best quality.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS — CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. By DOROTHY M. STUART. Macmillan. 5s.

WHEN Grant Duff, toward the end of the last century, had been talking with Professor Saintsbury, he noted a strange "over-laudation of Miss Christina Rossetti," and maintained that he could find twenty short poems by Mrs. Hemans superior to hers. The Professor would only admit that Mrs. Hemans's appeal was wider, and Grant Duff's verdict shows what an indifferent judge of poetry an able man deep in letters can be. In her particular vein Christina has not been surpassed and she was fortunate in her lifetime in securing praise worth having, as her reputation is to-day in the hands of Miss Stuart, who brings out both the life and the poetry with judicious touches. Christina was narrow but deep, a strict puritan who dismissed her two lovers on religious grounds and was not happy with admirers who had no use for the Church of England. Would she have been happy in any circle? Her creed suggested that the world and all its people were essentially evil. The fact that wild and imaginary sorrows attract

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young writers is familiar, but they get over them by taking their part in the healthy commonplaces of life. Christina seems

> A creature too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food.

Her verse was morbid and grim before she met with disappointments in love, and she could write—

> I thought to shut myself and dwell alone
> Unseeking and unsought.

The same deliberate and inhuman retirement into self appears in Emily Dickinson. Christina appears to have made singularly little contribution to the needs of a poor household and to have preferred communing with herself. She was always too introspective, saw little to note at the fine house of Longleat, and took flowers for her verse out of a botany book. She was original in the main, though Miss Stuart discovers, rightly, the passing influence of other poets. She was, of course, associated with the P.R.B., but her best poems are not of that school, though she felt the attraction of strange and luxurious paraphernalia. One of her admirers, mindful of her affection for "marine trophies," sent her a sea mouse floating in spirits of wine! Her verse has, at its best, "a sort of sumptuous simplicity," but reading it through, one perceives her too persistent trick of repetition of words, otherwise called "anaphora." We know no other meaning of the last word, though Miss Stuart adds it to "repetition," as if it was something different. She had a whimsical streak but little sense of humour that we can see. The magic of her style owes something, we think, to the use of plain, simple words. In the comparison of her work and Mrs. Browning's, the latter is credited with more learning and a broader human outlook. That is well enough, but why not add that in technique Mrs. Browning is markedly inferior? Opening her Poems at random, we come on a long poem, "The Lost Bower," which rhymes "come there" with "summer," "door were" with "warder," "hushing" with "cushion," and "mountains" with "dauntings." Christina Rossetti was incapable of such things.

A single, exquisite lyric, perfect in rhyme and expression, outweighs all this loose outpouring. Using a faint and agreeable irony, which the Rossetti circle invites, Miss Stuart tells us that "'Victorian' will soon cease to be a term of reproach." This kindly relaxation of abuse does not interest us deeply, for we know that the best of Christina Rossetti is firmly fixed in English poetry and not to be dislodged by the vituperations of the up-to-date.

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THE RHYTHM OF ENGLISH PROSE: A MANUAL FOR STUDENTS. By NORTON R. TEMPEST. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

THE author describes his book as "a pioneer work," and the whole subject is so complicated and obscure that certainty can seldom be reached. Writers of prose are not likely to count their syllables or check by scansion their metrical effects, but the student ought to realize the variety and rhythm which make the best prose writing. More than a century since, a Cambridge don whose maxims reached a fifteenth edition declared, "I am persuaded that the rhythm of prose is far more difficult, and in much fewer hands than the harmony of poetry." When we get down to metrical details, doubts arise everywhere. An artist like Tennyson said he did not know the quantities of the word "scissors." Metre is divided into feet, and who shall say where a foot begins or ends, since alternative scansions seem equally valid? Mr. Tempest enumerates various theories and comes to the sensible conclusion that "English speech-rhythm is primarily based on stress," to which quantity is subordinate. "Numerous" prose, which is definitely rhythmical, is easily recognized, but generally there is a recurrence of sounds suggesting a pattern, but no regularity such as poetry shows. The Authorized Version of the Bible, the main model of English prose, exhibits parallel clauses which correspond roughly in length and often in sense, and we can see Addison writing a short sentence which could stand well enough by itself and adding to it a clause of the same length, which is needless and weak, for the sake of balance.

The range of feet is much greater in prose than in verse and they may include blocks of six or more syllables. Monosyllables, which abound in English, can be used with special effect. The anapæst is common, and its lilting effect is evidently overdone in more than one passage of "Lorna Doone." Variety is plain in any passage by masters like De Quincey and Sir Thomas Browne.

The beginning, middle, and end of a sentence are all important, and Mr. Tempest gives many excellent examples to illustrate his points. Most writers of a serious sort are aware that the close of a sentence is difficult and particularly palpable to the ear. The repetition of a single word or phrase and the contrast of long and short sentences are effects which may become tedious. Blank verse is so natural a form of speech that it must occur occasionally, and it does no harm to the splendid denunciation of Godfrey Bertram by Meg Merrilees, analysed by Verrall as a perfect example of symmetry without stiffness.

Tacitus, in his "Dialogue on Orators," was bored with Cicero's *esse videatur*. This is a specimen of the classical cadence or *cursus*, and Mr. Tempest supplies an elaborate study of such cadences in English. They are often stressed on the final syllable, whereas the *cursus* ends with a light one. Here, again, variety is essential. Rhythmical sequences have a special effect, but if they are all cadenced in the same way in any passage, they become monotonous.

The book is full of learning well laid out, and if any of its students become writers, they may rise above the jerky jargon and jolting discord which satisfy so many prose labourers to-day.

MEMOIRS

A Basketful of Memories: An Autobiographical Sketch. By Thomas Okey. Dent. 6s.

This is a charming bit of autobiography, all too short, showing how the Emeritus Professor of Italian at Cambridge won his way to learning from the home of a poor basket-maker. The author goes back to days when the Third Classes on the Eastern Counties Railway were open trucks, known as "pig boxes," and part of Bethnal Green was really green. At school his shabby clothes lost him the chance to see a French play, but at the age of eight he bought a French dictionary for fourpence, the bookseller kindly letting him off twopence. He got his knowledge of foreign languages by hard work at odd half-hours. Travel also taught him much, and he was the owner of one of the old "life tickets" for the Reading Room of the British Museum.

He passed by way of free-thought and republicanism to culture and supplies glimpses of leading figures like William Morris and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The long letter by Mr. Shaw to Morris, refusing to admire in Venice the guide-book beauties, is good reading. Mr. Shaw, with his rigid vegetarian principles, gave Mr. Okey some trouble in Italian hotels. Then it was cleverly explained that the strange eater was under a vow, a devout Catholic abstaining from flesh, wine and tobacco.

At Cambridge, Mr. Okey received the kindly aid of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in getting to know the place. His narrative is full of a past already curious to the social observer, and he shows that gift for generous appreciation which helps men in every circle. He clearly lacks the qualifications which Mr. Shaw recognizes as desirable for an autobiographer,

> plenty of malice, and either no friends or complete indifference to their feelings. . . . I can only hope you will pull through on the interest of your early experiences.

It is a pleasure to read a book devoid of the malice which sharpens many pens.

THE FOURTH SEAL: THE END OF A RUSSIAN CHAPTER. By the RT. HON. SIR SAMUEL HOARE, M.P. Heinemann. 15s.

THE first part of the title alone appears on the paper cover of this volume, and on the title page the explanatory part is in small type. The allusion to the great mystical book which ends the New Testament will not be readily apprehended by many, we fear, to-day. Thus the author would have been wiser if he had made it clear in his title that his book was concerned with secret service in Russia. He was chief of the British Intelligence Mission attached to the Russian General Staff in the war days, when lack of control and

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wholesale muddle and corruption were leading to murder and national collapse. In March, 1916, having acquired the Russian language, he succeeded in his idea of getting a job in Russia. He found that the Government stood apart from the people, who were not keen about the war. The incompetence of the well-entrenched bureaucrats was amazing, though not surprising to those who know Russian ways. The War Minister told the Tsar there was no shortage of munitions on the Russian front; and "it was such as he who made the common people think that the Government was indifferent to their sacrifices and sufferings." Yet, in spite of the difficulties, the author secured valuable information, though he got nothing out of the man who offered details concerning Casement. The price asked for them was three bottles of vodka. The agent was given one bottle in advance and disappeared without supplying any report. In earlier days the author had interviewed Casement and discovered how strange a man he was. Another notorious spy, a Caucasian, was even more unbalanced and a relentless murderer. The author and his wife were confronted with a homicidal cook, who could not be turned out till alternative accommodation had been provided. Questions of food were equally trying and £4 was paid for a tin of biscuits.

An interview with Rasputin had been arranged, but it did not come off, as the author thought it might be regarded as an intrigue between the British Government and the Imperial favourite. Actually, after the murder, he and his staff were accused of promoting it. He declares that the Tsar, in spite of his faults, was a good man and would have made a capital English squire. His isolation and indifference to wise counsels were fatal. The author is certain that, if Kitchener had reached Russia, his advice would have been taken. But we doubt if "his cunning and confidential way" would have prevailed. Even if the Tsar had listened and agreed, had he then sufficient force to deal with so hopeless a situation? The Allied Mission that followed was useless and lost in banquet and ceremonial. The author did achieve against regulations the opening of a restaurant past eleven o'clock to please General Sir Henry Wilson and his supper party. He pays a tribute to Buchanan and his invaluable assistant Harold Williams, and, while he has no particularly sensational revelations to make on a piece of history already overwritten, his contemporary accounts, written on the spot, give a good idea of the immense difficulties. It was a tragedy of the Russian character, so different from all we are accustomed to see and expect in the West.

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HISTORY AND POLITICS

THE QUESTION OF THE STRAITS. By P. P. GRAVES. Benn. 10s. 6d.

FOR young people interested in politics who have little time to study history—and elders equally ignorant—Mr. Graves has written a clear and interesting account of the control of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. These highly important passages came into prominence during the war and were doubtless mastered by the prehistoric peoples who came from the Danube to overwhelm Greece and Asia Minor over 3,000 years ago. The complicated history throughout the centuries is enlivened by the author's own comments. After Rome ceased to control the Straits the Moslem domination was always uneasy, and the dubious solution of the Straits Commission at present in force, though no serious incident has troubled it, may be altered when Russia calls for action. She has vital interests on the Black Sea basin, so that she is bound to concentrate her strength in that region. The First Lord of the Admiralty declared last year in Parliament that the Straits Commission " has no authority . . . to intervene in the matter of the movements in or out of the Black Sea of warships of the Powers bordering the Black Sea." Turkey has had in the past inefficient or injudicious governors, but is at present in the hands of a strong man who is no lover of war. Will another of his sort be found when his career is ended? An

East Balkan combination headed by Turkey and supported by Greece might, the author suggests, maintain the rule of the Straits. A Russo-Turkish combination would mean that Turkey was the vassal of the stronger power. Recent British intervention could not be very satisfactory, as it includes the blundering of Mr. Lloyd George.

BALLOONING TO THE POLE

THE ANDRÉE DIARIES. Authorized translation from the official Swedish edition by EDWARD ADAMS-RAY. With over 100 illustrations and numerous maps, plans and diagrams. Lane. 21s.

THIS is a complete and carefully documented record of the long-lost Polar explorers whose traces came thrillingly to light in 1930. The "Bratvaag," a Norwegian sealing vessel, sailed last year to make scientific investigations of Franz Joseph Land and the neighbouring tracts. On landing on White Island, often inaccessible owing to pack-ice, walrus was hunted and clear traces were found of Andrée and his two companions who started for the North Pole in a balloon as long ago as 1897. Another vessel chartered by journalistic enterprise made further discoveries later, and it has been possible to follow the tragic fortunes of the expedition in the leader's own Diary, and even to develop and reproduce the photographs he took. We can see pictures of the balloon collapsed on the ice-floe, a sledge being pushed across a wall of ice, and a Polar bear with the man who shot him.

It is significant that one of the original members of the expedition withdrew on the ground that the tests of the balloon were not satisfactory, and leakage of the gas used was inevitable. Andrée had a great belief in guide-ropes and had made several balloon journeys before he started on his fatal quest. He gained considerable support for his scheme, though an Austrian paper described him as a fool and an extravagant projector, *Schwindler* (the translation "swindler" is unfair). At the very start the drag-lines intended to ensure a change of direction against the wind were lost. As might have been anticipated, fog and rain so weighted the balloon that, after three days, all lifting power was lost and it had to be abandoned. Andrée and his companions then began a desperate and harassing journey over drifting ice with the idea of reaching Franz Joseph Land. Soon they had to reduce the load of their heavy sledges and, alas! the wind but seldom carried them on the course they desired. They reached White Island with a fair provision of food and got on the way a good deal of meat out of the bears they shot. Matches were found in abundance at their last resting-place, and their Primus stove was in perfect order. There is no doubt that they died of cold and that death was hastened by illness which had lessened their powers of resistance. Their clothing, moreover, was clearly

inadequate, as is shown by the comments of the sealers who found them.

The last part of Andrée's diary is, unfortunately, fragmentary, but he has left enough to show the indomitable spirit of himself and his companions, as well as the enormous physical strain of the long sledge journey over hummocky ice. On one page he writes: "The evening was as divinely beautiful as one could wish," and when their "large beautiful floe" was suddenly smashed into little pieces, he adds: "No one had lost courage; with such comrades one should be able to manage under, I may say, any circumstances."

The "four great auks" (p. 130) invented by the enterprise of the printer are little auks in the Diary.

POETRY

CANDLES IN WIND. By FLORENCE HAYLLAR. Grant Richards. 5s.

THESE verses are for the most part close packed with thought, meeting the trials of love with the mystic's sense of "a most noble wounding." They show distinction and a personal style with a rhythm which is occasionally uncouth. This may be an intentional roughness, such as we see in Donne, for "Candles in Wind" reminds us of the seventeenth century masters of poetry and devotion. Miss Hayllar is, however, no copyist; her mind makes for the same direct and sometimes homely attack on the mysteries of life and she uses effectively words of an earlier time. She meets apparent loss with "Security":—

> "Nought shattered is," the Angel said,
> "That in God's will yet builded stands.
> Nor wasted, being upgatheréd
> Inescapably in his hands."

The paradoxes of faith inspire the bold imagery of "Bearers of Glory":—

> Sinners, when they are washen clean,
> Bear gaps whence sin has carven been;
> These doth God order debonair,
> A curious piercéd lattice fair.

"The Moonlight Lover" is an invocation to "come forth into the sweet moonshine" which gives perfectly without any after-thought the magic of the hour:—

> All the things you love the best
> Are new in fairy glories drest;
> All you fear, or like not well,
> Lies couched beneath a silver spell,

Charming, too, in its simple quaintness is the lay of the "Poor Shepherd" who died for love of the youngest milk-maid. Here we should omit two stanzas of reflection and leave the story to its bare simplicity.

GERMAN LYRIC POETRY. By NORMAN MACLEOD. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d.

MR. MACLEOD'S book should give readers a good idea of what German lyrics are like, as he prints first the original and then an English verse rendering. But with less than 150 pages he has to cut his selections and appreciations very short. Walther von der Vogelweide fairly represents Minnesong, as he is above his fellows. Even at this period that sentimentality appears which is the habit of the Germans. Uhland is too good a poet to be hit off with seven lines of comment. It might have been noted that Schiller's "Ode to Joy" has been glorified by being set to music at the end of Beethoven's final Symphony. The author explains that since Heine there has been no lyrist of equal power, but the moderns are certainly varied and interesting, dealing with a troubled world for which sentiment will not suffice, and coming out of virtuosity into a closer contact with life. Stefan George and Werfel, as the reader can see, have both written with great force about the war. Translations in verse certainly help the student. Those given are not altogether successful, but the difficulties are considerable. Mr. Macleod gives the sense well, but does not include all the ideas. Hoffmannsthal, in his lyric "On Transience" wonders how his Ego grew insensibly out of a little child,

Mir wie ein Hund unheimlich stumm und fremd,

which is rendered,

To me all unfamiliar, dumb and shy.

The picturesque image of the dog is omitted.

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